# Chronicles

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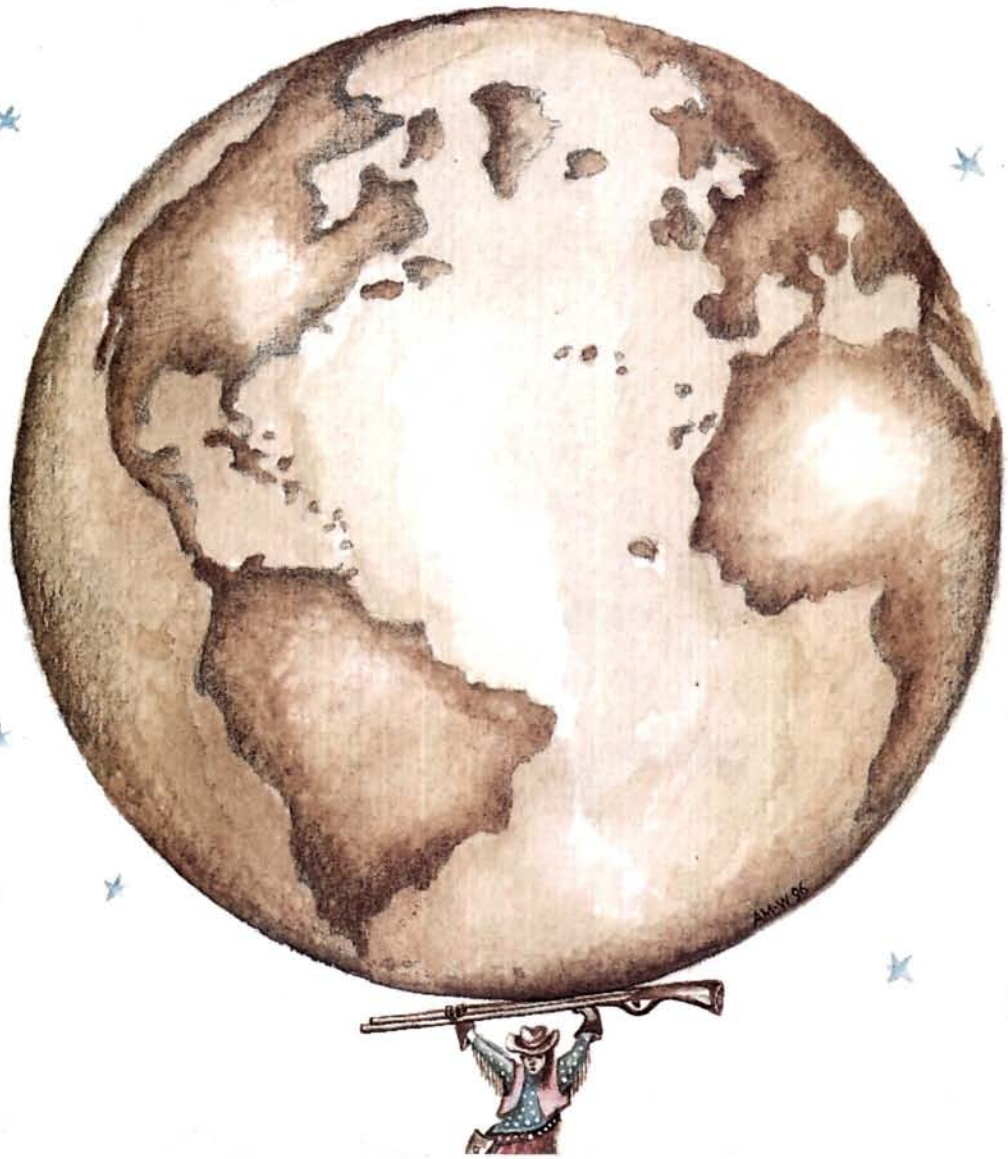


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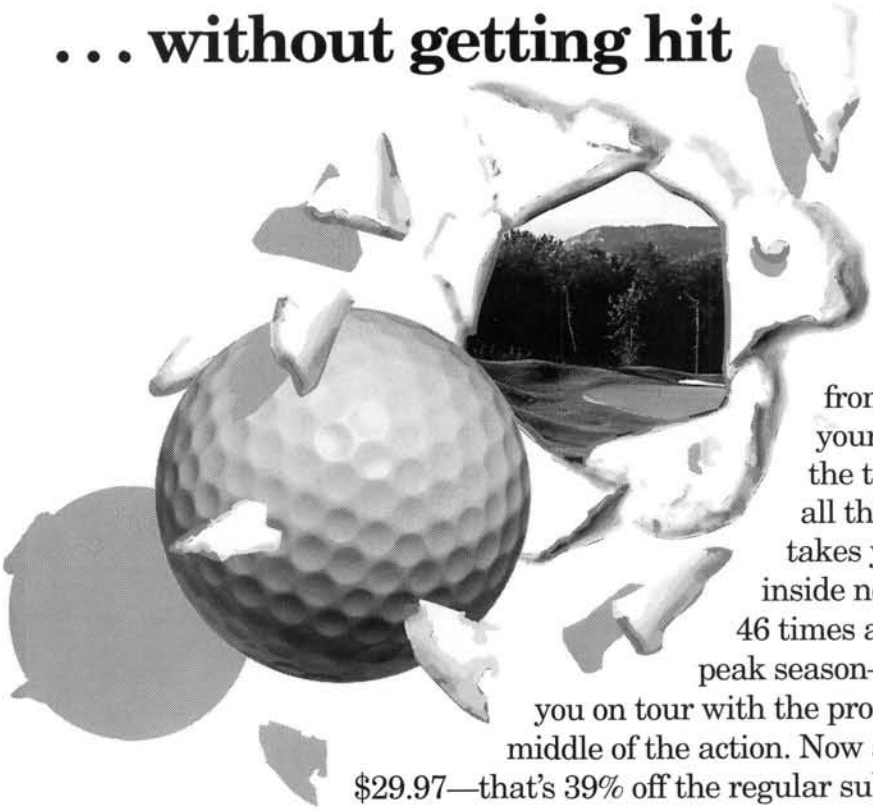

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# Chronicles

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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## On New Jersey

In your January issue, you published an article ("Our Platonic Guardians") on "Justice" Wilentz of the New Jersey Supreme Court by a Hamilton Township attorney named Gregory J. Sullivan. As a lifelong resident of the Garden State, I can only reaffirm what he has written. *And* add: what this state needs is a constitutional convention. The 1947 document, penned at the high noon of optimism with respect to centralized government, is a blunt, heavy instrument in the hands of such a man as Wilentz.

*—Will Morrisey*
*Rumson, NJ*

## On Thomas Szasz

Salud to *Chronicles* for publishing Irving Louis Horowitz's January essay on "Thomas Szasz Against the Theorists." His critique of Szasz is one of the best I have ever read.

Professor Horowitz should be assured that there are a few psychiatrists who fully embrace Szasz' concepts. Some of us have been his converts and admirers for many years. In my case it has been for more than 30 years, when as a psychiatric resident at Northwestern University Medical School, I first heard him speak. Others, like Dr. Karl Menninger, the world-renowned psychiatrist, became a convert only later in life, but later is better than never.

Professor Horowitz mentions Szasz' "suffering of professional obliquity" and "loneliness." I am sure that Dr. Szasz does not need me and perhaps others to decrease such "suffering" and "loneliness," for I am sure he neither suffers nor is he lonely. Like any genius, he is just busy with his work, and he presents its results regardless of what the masses, professional or otherwise, may think. He is in very good company with himself; in social situations, he is a very affable, civilized person.

Professor Horowitz covers the fundamental tenets of Szasz well. There are a few observations, however, that could use clarification. Among them is the suggestion that Szasz is in favor of the "humanization of treatment" of the so-called mentally ill. In fact, Dr. Szasz is neither in favor of nor against such treatment. What he is against is the treatment of adults against their will, regardless of how humane the treatment is said to be. Further, since mental illnesses or devil possession of witches are myth, metaphors for biological entities, they cannot exist as medical illnesses. Therefore, one cannot treat, humanely or otherwise, a nonexistent illness.

It is possible that I have misinterpreted Dr. Horowitz on this point. On the other hand, he is exactly on target when he talks about the "Politics of Psychiatry and Ethics of Psychiatry." "The Therapeutic State" is precisely what Szasz is all about.

*—Nelson Borelli, M.D.*
*Department of Psychiatry*
*Northwestern University*
*Chicago, IL*

## On the California Civil Rights Initiative

The January "Cultural Revolutions" by Michael Washburn regarding the financial struggles facing organizers of the California Civil Rights Initiative, which would eliminate government-mandated affirmative action, shows the difficulty facing grass-roots organizations. Since its inception, this initiative has been attacked by liberals who want to hang onto the affirmative action status quo and paint their opponents and American society as "racist." I witnessed a scenario at California State University, Northridge, where a CCRI supporter debated liberal California Senator Diane Watson. Watson claimed reverse discrimination does not exist, and that if the backers of the initiative really had public support, they would be able to raise more money.

Her apparent ignorance of "race norming" and other government schemes to hire based on quotas is typical of liberals(in both the Democratic and Republican parties) who fear the imminent collapse of affirmative action mandates. The claim that only financial support implies public support shows the narrow focus of entrenched politicos.

*—Caroline Miranda*
*North Hollywood, CA*



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## On Democracy

In his otherwise excellent column "The Illusions of Democracy" (Perspective, January 1996), Thomas Fleming writes: "We, however, send our children to a school where they are taught theories of English grammar, theories of literary interpretation (New Criticism, Reader Response, feminist interpretation—it is all the same) and scientific theories they will never understand, much less apply." I have taught in both high schools and universities (why dignify them by use of the upper case?) and would (I think) consider this pessimistic view unfair or at least overdone. I restrict myself to one point, however: Does Dr. Fleming really consider New Criticism no different from feminist interpretation? Does he consider, for example, John Crowe Ransom's essay on "Lycidas" the equivalent of Eve Sedgwick's "Jane Austen and the Masturbating Girl?" Are the essays of Robert Penn Warren, John Hollander, or Christopher Ricks on a par with the garbage published in the MLA quarterly, which I use to line my cats' litter box? Dr. Fleming's condemnation is too sweeping. I hope he will reconsider.

*—Robert Alpert*
*Watertown, MA*

## Dr. Fleming Replies:

I am grateful to Mr. Alpert for his polite response, but I am sticking to my guns. Obviously, the various schools of criticism have different levels of mischief. Ransom and Warren both wrote good poetry which display the essential soundness of their literary instincts, but in their criticism all the New Critics, even the most brilliant and learned, were perpetrating the same sort of fraudulent theoretical exercises as the structural linguists and anthropologists who were their contemporaries.

Literature needs to be read, not interpreted, and hermeneutics should be restricted to sacred texts. As a would-be poet and student of Greek, I found the New Critics stultifying. The literary criticism practiced by my English professors filled me with horror. It was as if ghouls had disinterred Elizabeth Siddal not to retrieve Rossetti's poems but to paw over her corpse. To escape the depredations of the critics, I fled into pedantry and have remained there ever since.

THE CONFEDERATE battle flag continues to be a source of conflict and controversy. One year ago, Michael Westerman of Elkton, Kentucky, a 19-year-old father of twins, was murdered by black teens who took offense to the Confederate flag hung in the back of Westerman's truck. When one of the black teens, Freddie Morrow, was sentenced to life in prison for the murder, he and his relatives blamed everything on the flag. As the *Lexington Herald-Leader* reported in January, though "last week's trial was conflicting over the symbolism of the flag, Morrow's grieving relatives have no doubts: the Rebel flag is a provocative symbol of hatred and oppression. [They] blame it for his life sentence in prison."

John Shelton Reed argued a few years ago that the country needed some other symbol for the South than the Confederate battle flag, which so many people, particularly black Southerners, found offensive. I replied that we had little choice in the matter. History gives you your symbols—you cannot make them up. The battle flag has entered into the folk consciousness of the country—indeed of the world—as the symbol of the South.

Had I been quick enough I would have added: Because skinheads wear crosses, do we have to take down all the crosses from the churches? The American Nazis in the 1930's (and American communists, too) met under the Stars and Stripes and huge portraits of Abraham Lincoln. Does that mean we have to burn all five dollar bills? The Confederate battle flag is too large a symbol to be invalidated by its use or misuse in one particular period.

Sheldon Vanauken, author of the Christian classic *A Severe Mercy*, tells in his autobiography how he, a Virginian, went through a bohemian period in New York after the early untimely death of his wife. During this period he took part in a number of civil rights demonstrations carrying a placard with the battle flag on one side. More than once he was stopped by a friendly New York cop with: "Buddy, you're in the wrong demonstration." Vanauken then would turn his placard around to the other side, which said: "Confederates for civil rights."

A report in my local press recently told the story of a World War II incident, typical of many, because it is my impression that the battle flag was carried proudly in that war, in Korea, and even in Vietnam. The Fifth Marine Division, after desperate fighting, took Shuri Castle, the last point of resistance on Okinawa. The only flag available to the first men in was a Confederate battle flag carried in the helmet of Captain Julius Dusenberry, a South Carolinian, which was unfurled and hauled up. As far as I am aware, no one on the front lines objected to the display of that honorable American symbol. Certainly not the local commander, General Simon Bolivar Buckner, Jr., son of a Confederate general, and who was later killed in action.

During the televised events of the fall of Soviet occupation in the Baltic states, I remember a glimpse of one man in the jubilant crowd waving a Confederate battle flag in a sea of Estonian flags. I would like to know what that man was thinking. We ought to consider what the flag meant to him, nor do I think it is explained merely by reference to neofascism or adolescent rebellion. Did he view the flag as an expression of high spirits? As a symbol of heroic resistance by an outnumbered, conquered people? Was it sympathy expressed by someone whose own national symbols had been forbidden for half a century with another people whose symbols were threatened?

And where is the offense to be found in this honorable American symbol? A Harris poll in 1994, reported by Reuters, found that American adults, by a three-to-one margin, saw nothing offensive in the use of Confederate symbols in state flags. Some 71 percent of Southern whites wanted the symbols kept. Most interestingly, 68 percent of black Americans said they did not find the flag personally offensive, though 31 percent did. (Presumably the young black men who chased down and murdered Mr. Westerman were among those offended.) These figures suggest that the issue today is an artificial one, agitated for the sake of agitation and to assist the otherwise flagging careers of certain politicians.

Certainly the efforts to suppress state flags have failed, as in Georgia, despite the entire weight of the civil rights establishment and the Atlanta plutocrats. And since the United States Senate of-



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fended the United Daughters of the Confederacy over the flag, the number of chapters of the Sons of Confederate Veterans founded or revived has doubled.

I think a number of things happened amid resistance to forced integration to bring the flag into use as the chief symbol of Southern identity. I remember my own father and uncles returning from World War II with stories of how Southerners, particularly rural and working-class ones, were denigrated and ridiculed by conscripted urbanites for their speech, manners, attitudes. There was a general cultural attack at the time on "hillbillies." This was the beginning of their sectional consciousness, which had hardly existed before. It was after this that we began to display the flag from the front porch. It was ten years before *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, and our actions had nothing to do with the Dixiecrat movement or with football.

Nor has time and the success of the civil rights movement diminished the Confederate flag as a symbol of Southern identity. On the contrary, the fact that the United States is increasingly a multicultural empire rather than a federal republic will make ethnic identities, including the Southern, even sharper in the future, and their negotiation much more complex. Imagine, for instance, the struggles over symbols that are in the offing in a few years, when Hispanics will be a larger minority than blacks.

I have often spoken to meetings of the SCV, UDC, Civil War roundtables, various heritage groups, all places full of defenders and displayers of the battle flag, and my impression is that for most of these good Americans the flag is a symbol not of white supremacy but of identification of their own ancestors and heritage and an affirmation of their own identity. For those interested in extending the civil rights movement, I suggest that you find another and more constructive battle to fight, and one that you have some hope of winning, because you will not win this one.

The Chicago press reported last year that a Mr. Ernest A. Griffin, a black man of advanced age and a grandson of a member of the United States Colored Troops in the Civil War, owns part of the land which was once the Camp Douglas prison, where some 6,000 Confederate soldiers are buried who died of starvation, disease, exposure, and neglect. Mr. Griffin flies the battle flag in honor of these men, disdaining criticism.

Last May, the United States and Confederate flags were displayed and trooped together at a memorial service for the POWs who perished at Camp Douglas, jointly sponsored by the Confederate POW Society and the reenactors of the 29th United States Colored Infantry. The program included an invocation by a black pastor, the Reverend Leon Perry, speeches about Camp Douglas, and a series of talks on Native American Confederates, Hispanic Confederates, Jewish Confederates, and African-American Confederates, in most cases delivered by descendants of the same. Then there was the main address by Mr. Walter Kennedy, an energetic, color-blind defender of everything Southern: "Confederate Diversity: Our Common Ground." The program concluded with Mr. Kennedy's presentation of an award to Mr. Griffin and the singing of "Dixie" by another black American, Mr. Al Ingram.

Much of our present unease comes from a sense of threatened identities and the scars of past conflicts. But it seems to me that our future, if it is to be a happy one, will be in the direction of the reconciliation and mutual respect for all our identities offered by the example of Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Griffin, and not in useless confrontations from which no one can gain.

—*Clyde Wilson*

**THE HEINOUS CRIME** that was perpetrated against a 12-year-old girl by three American marines on Okinawa has harmed many people: the young girl and her family; the three men, whose lives will be blighted by the consequences of their crime; the reputation of the American forces overseas; Japanese-American relations; and indeed the American people.

But what is the most painful consequence of this event for our country? It is the abrupt departure of a distinguished naval commander, whose only association with the event consisted of a few truthful if tactless words spoken after he had already condemned the rape. Admiral Richard C. Macke, commander of United States forces in the Pacific, was forcibly retired by our senior civilian warlord, William Perry. Was Admiral Macke in any way involved in the offense? Could he be accused, like his unfortunate fellow admiral Frank Kelso, of having hampered an investigation or attempted to sweep offenses under a rug? No, he could not. Like Admiral Kelso, but unlike Messrs. Perry and Clinton, Macke has a distinguished career in the Armed Services. But that did him no good: no amount of distinction or service to the nation can compensate for transgression against the commandments of political correctness and sensitivity.

Actually, Admiral Kelso's "offense," if offense it was, was protracted over a period of months, in that he did not proceed with the utmost rigor against the simply scandalous events at the notorious Tailhook convention. Admiral Kelso might conceivably have been able to redeem himself during the early days of the scandal had he begun to intervene with vigor against the rowdy miscreants of Tailhook. Times have changed; conditions have become more stringent. Admiral Macke had only a few hours before committing his own atrocious offense, before the ever-so-sensitive Defense Secretary William Perry demanded his resignation, for the offense was committed on the morning of Friday, November 17, and Admiral Macke was out by late afternoon. Mr. Perry said, "We decided that his lapse in judgment was so serious that he would be unable to perform effectively his duties as Commander-in-Chief of U.S. Forces in the Pacific." It appears from the context that Mr. Perry's "we" included the admiral. Apparently Admiral Macke was induced to agree in his own condemnation, a procedure familiar from the history of the Inquisition and communist show trials; it was known in the old Soviet days as "self-criticism."

Such speechcrime is too much for sensitive souls to bear. "Loose lips sink ships," American posters warned during World War II. *Feind hört mit*, "The enemy is listening too," the corresponding German posters read. It seems that whenever a high military official opens his mouth, he must beware of the *Feind* who *hört mit*, only the enemy of our high officers is not someone in the spy service of another country, but American reporters and high American officials. Secretary Perry's sensitivity was matched by that of our equally sensitive if unmilitary President, for Mr. Clinton quickly rallied to the support not of his insensitive admiral, but to that of his valiant Secretary of Defense.

A *Chicago Tribune* headline read, "Admiral loses post in wake of rape." One



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might suppose that the admiral was involved in the offense, were it not for the subhead, "Pacific chief criticized for comment on case." Criticism is a mild word indeed for action that deprives a man of the career and honors for which he had faithfully served and labored for more than three decades. Exactly what was the offense in the admiral's comment, "For the price they paid to rent the car, they could have had a girl"? The ever vigilant feminist, Congresswoman Patricia Schroeder (Democrat-CO), perhaps still savoring the memory of her successful attacks on Admiral Kelso, called it "the biggest outrage I've seen in a while." (That's a comforting thought, in a way.) According to the *New York Times*, Congresswoman Schroeder faulted the admiral for thinking that "Boys will be boys, the view that women are just commodities." Did the admiral say any such thing? Does Miss Schroeder know what he thinks about women? What he said was truthful; it was necessary to condemn him, to jump to the conclusion that the admiral was not merely noting that in this fallen world, some women present themselves as commodities, whether of their own will or because they are pressured by exploiters into doing so. No one asked whether the admiral thinks that they ought to be treated as such. It was only one little "bite," but it bit. The mere statement of what is in fact a truth, although a deplorable one, gave the obsequious Mr. Perry the opportunity to humble another meritorious military leader. Does Admiral Macke deplore the type of world that causes prostitutes to surround military bases? We would not know. It's not important. What was important was the bite.

Under such circumstances, when the pique of a certain elite can destroy the work of a man's entire life, what kind of man will aspire to rise through the ranks of the armed service in the future? Only the kind of man who is prudent enough, or delicately sensitive enough to avoid violating even the least commandment of the Tables of the Law of Political Correctness, can have any hope of reaching a high post, or of staying in it if he should reach it. The late Bertrand de Jouvenel, in his incisive work *On Power*, indicates that the future of Western democracies will be domination by effeminate totalitarians.

Is there not one man in government who is willing to say, "Enough of this nonsense!"? Evidently not. The highest officials will not, and their subordinates dare not, as the fate of Admiral Kelso and now Macke reveals. The problem lies less with vindictive and tyrannical feminism of the sort exemplified by Congresswoman Schroeder than with the supine pusillanimity, effeminate supersensibility, and total lack of human realism and ordinary common sense illustrated by leaders whose concept of leadership seems limited to a determination to float with the politically correct tide.

*—Harold O.J. Brown*

**MICHAEL NEW**, the 22-year-old Army medic who faces a bad conduct discharge for refusing to wear the United Nations uniform, may well lose his fight to clear his record. He was court-martialed and convicted in January, and it seems unlikely the Army court will reverse that decision. At issue is his refusal to wear the powder-blue U.N. beret and patch, as ordered. Other soldiers before him have been out of uniform, and the Armed Forces have prosecuted some of them. But only now has a young Texan been found out of uniform because he was wearing the *American* uniform.

Even the Army's own lawyers have conceded, in a stipulation of fact dated January 9, 1996, that "The United Nations insignia and accouterments . . . has [sic] *not* been approved . . . as required and mandated under the provisions of . . . Army Regulation 670-1, 'Wear and Appearance of Army Uniforms and Insignia.'" The Army's argument is that a direct order from a superior officer, whose ultimate authority comes from Bill Clinton's presidential order, supersedes these regulations.

Michael New's fellow enlistees in 1st Battalion, 15th Infantry, 3rd Infantry Division are now in Macedonia carrying U.N. identity cards (they are permitted to carry their American identification, but are only required to carry the U.N. card). Even more importantly, while Army spokesman Mike Doubleday told a *Washington Post* reporter that "The U.N. has operational control, but never command" of these American forces, the U.N. commander sees it differently. Brigadier General Juha Engstom (a Finn) told the Army newspaper the *Marneland Crusader* in November that, "This is a very unique and historic opportunity. Before Macedonia, a non-American or non-NATO officer has never before had command of an American battalion abroad, so this is really a challenging job and I like it very much."

It is that issue of command—for which the uniform is symbolic—that has interested and angered so many Americans. According to New's *pro bono* lead attorney, former Marine Colonel Ron Ray, he and New's father have been invited to discuss the case on hundreds of radio talk shows. (Ray has counseled Michael New himself not to talk to the press, while New is still enlisted.) Ray says he has received 14,000 letters, all but a handful in support of New, and that the Michael New Defense Fund (P.O. Box 1136, Crestwood, KY 40014) had raised $150,000 as of March.

In the capitol, New has some strong support in the House, especially from Representatives Roscoe Bartlett of Maryland, Tom DeLay of Texas, and James Traficant of Ohio. And according to Ray, Representative Robert Dornan of California will hold hearings this spring. New has had less luck in the Senate. Senator Phil Gramm of Texas, New's own senator and a man who has earned standing ovations for vowing that neither his sons nor any other American's will fight under U.N. command, has yet to do anything to help him.

By refusing to wear the U.N. beret, Michael New has raised questions about the legality of donning a foreign uniform, the status of an American enlistee serving under foreign command, and the legitimacy of the war powers President Clinton has assumed. These are questions that Congress must finally answer—and if we are lucky, with something other than silence.

*—Katherine Dalton*

**OBITER DICTA:** In our January issue, J. Philippe Rushton published his controversial findings on the correlation between "Race, AIDS, and Sexual Behavior." Now, confirming Professor Rushton's findings, the World Health Organization reports that of the estimated 17 million adults who carry the disease, the vast majority—66 percent—live in sub-Saharan Africa, with Caribbean countries contributing most of the other cases (in tiny Haiti, 150,000 people have AIDS). As Professor Rushton concludes, "The virus must be considered as endemic in black populations throughout the world."



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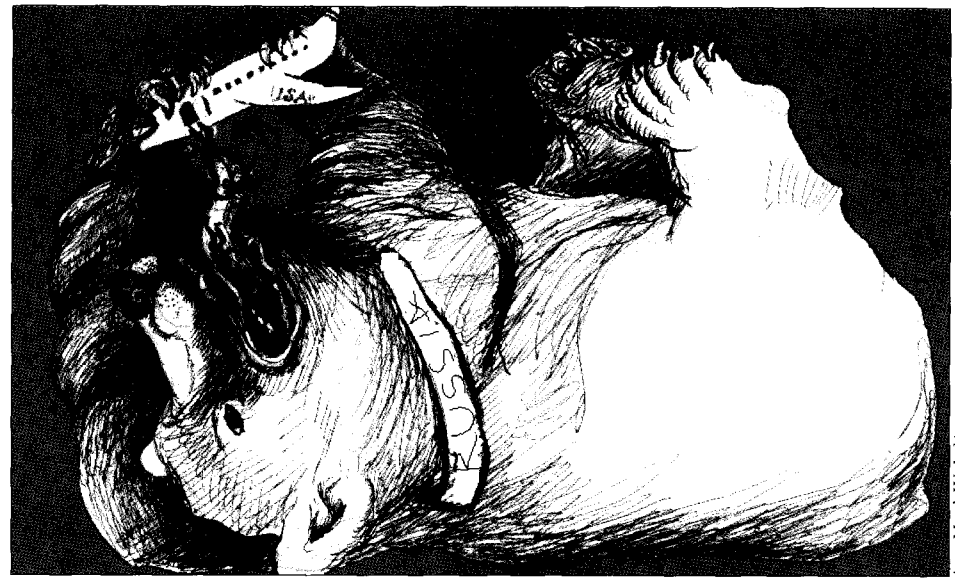


Anna Mycek-Wodecki

# Under the Ruble or An Idiot Abroad

by Thomas Fleming

It was eight o'clock Moscow time when the overcrowded British Airways Jet landed at Sheremetevo Airport. Liberated from our Iron Maiden seats—BA seems to have squeezed in an additional seat per row—we made our way into the arrival hall, happily anticipating if not a good Russian dinner, then at least something to eat.

The barely illuminated hall was already filled with passengers from other flights, and the Russians had not bothered to put more immigration officers on duty. We waited, my friends from the Lord Byron Foundation and I, and we waited. I had time to study the strange ceiling, fabricated from metal pipes. Srdja Trifkovich, the Byron Foundation's director, said they were shell casings. Swords into ploughshares, bullets into building materials, I suppose. As we got to the front, we could see that it was taking ten minutes for the Russians to check each passport and visa, examining every page, and writing in the numbers by hand. Hundreds of unhappy visitors made no difference to them. Why should they? Welcome to *perestroika*. Welcome to Russia.

The first thing I learned about Russia was that nobody stands in line, nobody makes way for you when you have to squeeze by, nobody knows the difference between entrance and exit, even when they are plainly marked. On my last day, at an open-air market, I have only 20 minutes to spend on bribes for the family, and as I am standing patiently in the entrance line, a ticket-taker at the exit motions to me impatiently, as if to say, "What are you waiting for? Can you read?"

The main purpose of the visit is a two-day conference on the Balkans War at the Russian Academy of Science, cosponsored by the Lord Byron Foundation and the Institute for the Study of Modern Balkan Conflict (of the Russian Academy). The rest of the time is spent in meetings with Russian policy experts. Taking nothing for granted, I am never sure of how much is said—both at the conference and in private meetings—out of conviction, how much is cooked up for the consumption of useful idiots like myself.

Since my Russian is only good enough to ask directions or haggle over a price, I am entirely cut off from the usual information sources. The newspapers, I can hardly attempt, except when a Russian student is kind enough to digest them for me, and the television news is only a series of images: a wounded (Russian?) soldier, Chechen fighters.

The sullen barmaid in my hotel confirms something of what I had heard about the hostage-takings, but she does not want to talk about it—or virtually anything. The only human moment is her contemptuous laughter when I pronounce the word for "bill" as it is spelled. She is throwing us out at 11:45 (last night she gave me till almost one), but offers to keep the place open if I will pay for her taxi, then it is her girlfriend's taxi, and, I fear, before we are through we will be getting her mother's teeth fixed and setting the barmaid up in a dress shop. It is easier to go down to the bar in the lobby, where I contrive to have my camera stolen.

This isolation from news is like going back several centuries, when the only information was gossip and rumor. I only find out the next day that the Russian attack has failed to recover the hostages, and that Yeltsin has gone back to the bargaining table. The Russians I speak with are disgusted. The television images of the Chechen crisis are always in the background of our discussions. More than one Russian, seeing the results of American adventurism in the Balkans, concludes: if NATO troops are in Bosnia today, they will be in Chechnya tomorrow.



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The whole idea of unilateral secessions, backed up by Germany and the United States, is terrifying to a country that is only a fragment of its former self, and even that fragment contains hostile Muslim nationalities.

In London I had drinks with a Soviet analyst who took a look at my itinerary. The Gorbachev Foundation is a trip-wire. "An unholy alliance between the KGB and the Esalen Foundation," he says, referring to the executive in the American branch who used to be number two man at Esalen. I keep an open mind, walking into the foundation's Moscow headquarters, which is home to Gorbachev's top advisors. The question of the new foreign minister, Yevgeny Primakov, comes up. As a Muslim expert, he might be expected to take the "Bosnian" side in the Balkans. Alexander Galkin jokes about the difficulty of speaking for Primakov—a close friend of 35 years. Primakov is not a Muslim-lover, he insists; his only devotion is to the Russian interest. Inevitably the Chechen problem comes up, and Galkin slips in describing Russia's inability "to control problems outside our borders." Have they already written it off, I wonder.

One of his colleagues explains that the current American power monopoly is inherently unstable. The absence of a counterpressure will lead to inevitable conflict. The Dayton Accord was basically a good thing, though, because it stopped the barbarization of Europe: "We in Europe still maintain a high regard for human life that is not shared on other continents." I hear this theme picked up several times: Russia is Europe, America is not.

From time to time I have doubts about our whole mission in going to Russia. What separates me from all the other useful idiots who have gone to Moscow in order to promote understanding? Are they even listening? The next morning our conference is reported on the morning news, somewhere between the hostage crises and the weather report. (January 15: It's a sunny day in Moscow today—a real man-bites-dog story.)

Our next stop is the Russian Institute of Strategic Studies, established by Boris Yeltsin in 1992 as his principal board of advisors. The director, Yevgeny Kozhokin, is a pleasant, accommodating man: "We can speak English today," he says. "All my colleagues speak English." It is then I notice their strange logo: a circle (representing the globe?) scored and shaded like a checkerboard, with Cyrillic letters RISI on one line and underneath, in a contrasting pattern of light and dark, RISS—for the Russian Institute of Strategic Studies—intelligible only to English-speakers.

Inevitably the Bosnia/Chechnya parallel is made, and we are told that the rebellion is not a secession movement or an ethnic liberation front but more like the war waged by the Cali cartel against Latin America and the United States: "If Dudayev does succeed in making himself dictator—or emir—it will be a unique occasion on which criminals have created their own state." He explains that the Chechen criminals have diversified their activities and now have a vast network of international gangs dealing in drugs and weapons, both in Eastern Europe and even in the West.

In general, the Russian policy wonks have the advantage over their American counterparts. They are certainly better informed and better educated—despite the apparent Russian phobia of foreign languages, their English is a great deal better than our Russian—and they seem more intelligent. For smoothness the palm goes to the professionals at the United States-Canada Institute, for many years the home of disinformation in the guise of dissent.

We spend several hours discussing the general geopolitical situation. Since the breakup of the Soviet Union, so we are told, Russia has been unable to reformulate an identity to replace the old Soviet image. At the beginning, Russia made unilateral concessions in the hope that she would be welcomed into the Western community as a reward for her part in ending the Cold War. Kozyrev, the recently fired foreign minister who played the part of "Mr. Yes," opposed Milošević out of a desire to side with the West, but Russia is no longer a superpower, and there can be no bipolar balance of power. On the other hand, this does not necessarily entail an American monopoly. There is the possibility of a multipolar system developing as the United States finds herself competing with her closest allies, particularly Germany and Japan.

A glance at the various collective institutions reveals the nature of the competition. In the G7 nations, the United States, although the strongest single party, is not predominant, while in the EU, where German interest prevails, the United States is not even present. This leaves NATO as the primary vehicle of American hegemony, hence the need—from the American point of view—for enhanced NATO activity, as in the Balkans. But Germany has actually got her way in Yugoslavia. The United States, in its willingness to use its NATO clout, was drawn into Yugoslavia by the Germans, who also muscled Britain, Russia, and France into compliance, but then the Germans took a step backward leaving the Americans to do the only thing they can do, which is drop a few bombs.

Foreign policy decisions in Russia are no simple matter. In addition to the Chernomyrdin government and the Yeltsin administration, there are also the so-called "power ministries" that have independent authority, e.g., Defense, Foreign Affairs. It was Yeltsin who made the decision to go along with NATO, saying "Twice in one century is enough for Russia to go to war for the Serbs." Once he decided this, there was no debate: he simply imposed his will in the good old Soviet style of "the president knows best."

But Yeltsin may not have the last word. As the institute's Balkans specialist explains, "Stalin, in April 1941, signed a mutual defense pact with Yugoslavia, even though he knew full well that the Germans were about to attack, and even though he wanted, more than anything, to avoid war with Germany. When asked about the contradiction, he said: 'The Russian people would never forgive me, if I betrayed the Serbs.'"

General Alexandr Lebed, "the hero of the Afghan War" as he is inevitably called, may be the most impressive political figure in Russia. Among the few Soviet officers to come out of Afghanistan with their reputation enhanced, he happened to be in Moldova when the region was breaking away. Lebed decisively intervened to protect the sizable Russian minority, while at the same time managing to avoid a bloodbath. In the Chechen crisis, it was Lebed who, in the parliament, blocked the use of the regular army in what he called a "dirty business"—a police action against Russian citizens. According to some Russians, Lebed's hatred of the KGB is characteristic of Russian army officers who have always resented the interference of cops and spies in military affairs.

For our meeting with Lebed, it is easier to walk than try to maneuver our bus illegally into the restricted business center, where his office is located. The Hotel Belgrade—bugs, procurers, ladies, and all—is right across from the great Stalinist-Gothic Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and we walk down the (old)



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Arbat, past the clubs and pizza parlors, which make it seem like Greenwich Village in Antarctica, to the very end and cut over to the Novi Arbat.

Lebed's office is a run-down building. In the conference room, where we wait for the general, the blinds are broken and twisted. Standing outside the building, our student friend does a Lebed impersonation: "I will teach you to love Mother Russia." Is this wise, I wonder, under the nose of the general's assistants—tough-looking, although not sinister by Russian standards.

> The American attempt to ingratiate with a smile does not go over even in postcommunist Russia: they interpret our grin either as a sign of idiocy or a gesture of propitiation—they are probably right on both counts.

We all (about half a dozen) stand when the general enters the room. He walks around the conference table and formally shakes the hand of each of us. He is less ugly than in the photographs, but his face is hardly more animated. As he listens and as he speaks, his face registers no expression, but I notice that he plays incessantly with a little piece of metal wire. Lebed speaks no English; neither does his translator, unfortunately, and the session threatens to break down into corrections and recriminations. Finally, we arrive at the solution. Lebed speaks in Russian, which one of his aides—a Balkans expert—translates into Serbian, which Srdja Trifkovich translates, virtually simultaneously, into English. The New World Order for monoglots.

Our opening statements are a bit long-winded, and Lebed—smiling for the first time—answers: "You have raised all the questions, and supplied the answers as well," but he offers to wrap up the whole question of Russia and the Balkans in a neat little package. Over the past five years, he says, Russia has not had an independent foreign policy. (Kozyrev was an unguided missile, acting on his own initiative.) The Dayton Accord was the result of American pressure: the Russians were not consulted. In any event, Russian policy in the Balkans is immoral. Russia made two serious mistakes: first, in acquiescing in the end of the arms embargo—weapons are not needed for peace. He cites Chekhov's famous theatrical dictum: if a rifle is hanging over the mantle in Act One, it will have to be fired in Act Three. The second mistake is over Sarajevo, in keeping it intact. The precedent was already set at Mostar, which was divided between Muslims and Croats, but in handing all of Sarajevo to Muslim control, they are abandoning 150,000 Serbs in the environs to their fate. Izetbegovic will not keep his promise to protect the Serb women and children, and this will lead to war.

This situation cannot be resolved peacefully, both because of Muslim aggression and the Serb national character: they will defend their neighborhoods to the last, and this will elicit more NATO bombings. The Serbs, of course, have a long tradition of guerrilla warfare, and Bosnia is no flat desert. In the mountains, guerrillas can go on almost forever. If peace is really desired, it will not be achieved by backing this people into a corner and giving them no way out.

Earlier in this century, the Russians backed the Serbs, the Germans backed the Croats, and no one could give practical help to the Muslims. But now, the United States, because of its problems with the Islamic world—problems that arise chiefly from its support for Israel—has taken the Muslim side. At the same time, the Russians have abandoned their national interest. Not too long ago, the Prime Minister of Montenegro offered Bar as a harbor to the Russian navy; now it has been given to the United States, which also has bases in Macedonia and Albania. The Bosnian Serbs are being forced, against their will, to accept American patronage. The situation is exacerbated by internal tensions in Yugoslavia, and there is even talk of Montenegro seceding. Kosovo may be transferred to Albanian protection, forcing Serbia itself to seek patronage from any great power willing to protect them. Once this path is embarked upon, it will be followed to its logical conclusion. Serbia will be invited to join NATO, and the isolation—and humiliation—of Russia will be complete. Still, peace will not have been achieved.

When asked if it is possible to change the situation, Lebed says that there are no impossible tasks or lost causes. If Russia is to change the course of events, it will require the will to decide, but the current Russian government has forgotten not only the Serbs but also the 25 million Russians living in the former Soviet Union but outside the boundaries of the Russian Federation. He does not share the enthusiasm for Primakov we found in the policymaking establishment and objects even to the method of selection, promoting the chief of intelligence—without any intermediate position—straight into the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Perhaps one may envisage important changes in Russian policy, but only after the presidential elections—if they are actually held—though merely shifting and replacing parts in the administration will not achieve results.

Asked how a President Lebed would change policies, he answers that he is not inclined to futurology, but—he declares emphatically—Russia will change and in a civilized manner. This is a small planet, after all, and there are many reasonable people everywhere, who can understand each other, regardless of nationality, and they will work together to establish a lasting peace. I wonder if there is a very faint threat under all this: if wiser heads and civilized methods do not prevail, then what?

I come away from the interview thoroughly impressed. There is no doubt that, succeed or fail, General Lebed is one of those military men of destiny who comes along from time to time to save (or destroy) their country. The real question is which type: a Washington, a Franco, or a Caesar? As a useful idiot, I am predicting one of the first two, because from my brief scrutiny I could detect no signs of pathology or megalo-



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mania. Lebed seems to be the kind of leader that many Russians want: strong, competent, straightforward. Even Russians who dislike his political positions concede that he is both honest and intelligent—not the impression one receives from the American press. A Russian friend in England observes cynically that if Lebed is all that he seems, then the KGB—and its friends Yeltsin, Gorbachev, and company—will never let him get anywhere.

It is hard to judge a city, much less a country, on the basis of a week during the worst month of the year. Moscow is cold and dirty, and the people are less than friendly. Every interaction with a Russian, whether he is a professor chairing a session or a hotel clerk answering a question, seems to turn into a power struggle. The American attempt to ingratiate with a smile does not go over even in postcommunist Russia: they interpret our grin either as a sign of idiocy or a gesture of propitiation—they are probably right on both counts. In either case, they feel justified in treating "the grinning idiot" (as a Yugoslav once described all Americans) with contempt.

I am surprised to see signs of prosperity. Everywhere, there is construction: roads, churches, office complexes are all being built or rebuilt. The shops, when I peek in, are full of things for sale, and there is plenty of food in the stores and restaurants. The profits may all be feeding the Mafia, for all I know, but Moscow is booming. I ask a Moscow sociologist about the economic and political reforms. "*Perestroika*," he says, "and the other reforms were a kind of bribe offered to the Russian people to console them for privatization." Not quite understanding, I ask for clarification. So-called privatization, I am told, was simply the policy by which the communist elite looted the country of its resources. Stupid bureaucrats who could never have run a shoe franchise ended up as managers and directors of multimillion-dollar enterprises.

The most creative aspect of Soviet economic reforms, it strikes me, is inflation. The ruble, which used to be on par with the British pound, is now almost 5,000 to the dollar. By this simple expedient the neocapitalist *nomenklatura* wiped out its debts to the Russian people: loans, pensions, fixed salaries—everything. Russians are not stupid, and many of them loathe Mikhail Gorbachev for what he did to his country, and the hottest political candidates—with the exception of the liberal Yavlinksy—are nationalist communists like Zyuganov and nationalist militarists like Lebed.

In the first blush of democratic capitalism, the grim pronouncements of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn were ignored, but as Russian society, left in ruins by communism, is subject to the strains of rapid modernization, some Russians may begin to look back into their own traditions. When I return to America, I am interviewed on a major evangelical talk radio station, and they want to know if the Russians are encouraging Protestant missionaries. I try to be polite, in explaining that Orthodoxy, as a distinctive religious tradition, is at least 1,500 years old. What would give Calvinists the notion that their peculiarities could be grafted onto Russian stock? Why not reconvert Scandinavia and Germany and leave Russia to its own priests?

This subject of Orthodoxy comes up in conversation with Igor Shafarevich. One of Russia's greatest living mathematicians, Shafarevich contributed an essay to *Under the Rubble*, Solzhenitsyn's collection of dissident writings. He is much admired in Russia but—to say the least—controversial in the West. Wanting to take the measure of the man, I had dinner with him, in company with a few of his followers and several members of our "delegation." We meet almost clandestinely at a Metro station and walk to the restaurant, which turns out to be Moscow's premier businessman's club run, inevitably it somehow seems, by Serbs.

The proprietor is very attentive, and when he is asked if he ever has any problems, he laughs and tells us that every week, it seems, ambitious thugs will scout the place out, saying it would be a shame if anything happened to such a nice place. He thanks them and then mentions two or three of his patrons. The blood drains from their faces and they quickly excuse themselves. Forget the so-called Mafia: the real gangsters are the political and business leaders who run Moscow.

Most of what I know of Shafarevich, apart from one essay, is secondhand. Knowing that he believes he has been unfairly treated by Western journalists, I ask him if he objects to my taking a few notes: he does. I must rely, therefore, on my memory of conversation to make a few generalizations. Although he said nothing that could possibly reflect badly upon him, it would not be fair to report the details of the conversation.

For the most part, his views seem compatible with those of traditional and religious conservatives in America. In the United States he has been widely accused of anti-Semitism because of a number of things he has said about international banking and Jewish influence in Russia. He asks me about the Christian right, if they can really be as uneducated and obscurantist as they are portrayed. I try to explain that although there is all too much truth in the negative stereotypes created by the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, conservative evangelicals are for the most part decent and well-intentioned people—pious peasants, as it were, whose very ignorance has made them less vulnerable (by no means immune) to the liberal toxins that are injected into the veins of students at major universities. He remains puzzled that scientific questions, like evolution, should be subjected to *a priori* theological assumptions.

Now that the subject of the kook right has been raised, I sound him out on the question of holocaust revisionism. He smiles wanly and says that no one whose country had been occupied by the Nazis would make the mistake of underrating their brutality. Of course the events of World War II should be subjected to historical scrutiny, but even if parts of the standard accounts were discredited, one could scarcely deny the Nazi atrocities against Jews, Slavs, and gypsies.

Like Solzhenitsyn, whom he so much admires, Shafarevich believes that the solutions to Russia's difficulties lie within her own history and traditions. We do, after some discussion, agree that Russia is neither unique nor isolated: it is a part of Christendom, and in this sense truly a part of the West. Unfortunately, the East/West schism between Constantinople and Rome continues to mislead many Catholics and Protestants. Because of our religious difference, we in the West abandoned the great Christian city of Constantinople to the Turks, and European powers like Britain, France, and Austria—brutally writing off the Orthodox Christians of the Balkans—shored up the failing Ottoman Empire.

Now, America and Germany are playing the same game again, betraying the Orthodox Serbs to the Muslim fanatics who control the government in Sarajevo. In earlier times, the Serbs could call upon the Russians for help—successfully on some occasions. Would the Russians respond, even diplomatically, in the current crisis? That is what I mainly wanted to find out by going to Russia. I still do not know.



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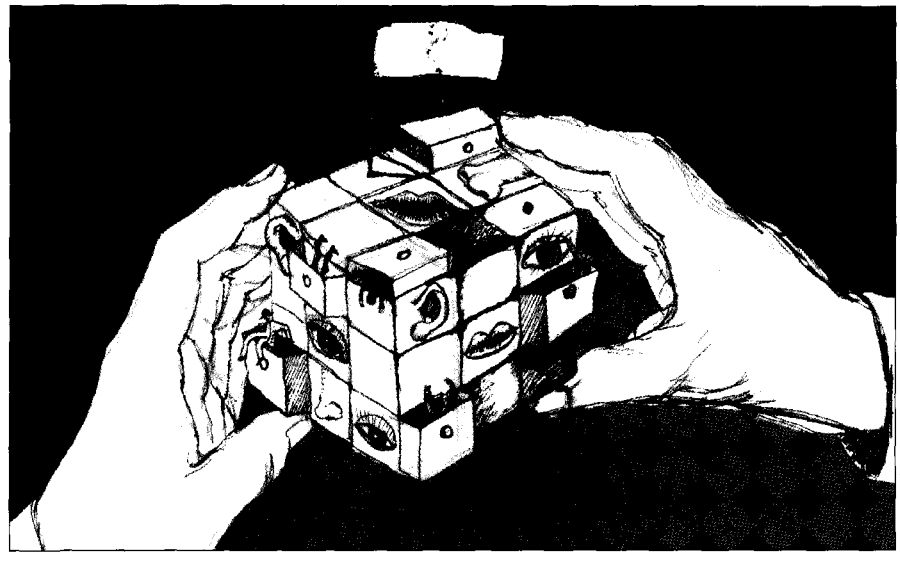
# Social Engineering in the Balkans

## Building a "New World" State

by William R. Hawkins



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

In his November 27 televised speech explaining his rationale for sending United States troops into the Balkans, President Bill Clinton said his goal is "preserving Bosnia as a single state." Testifying three days later before the House National Security Committee, Secretary of State Warren Christopher said "only with peace does Bosnia have the chance to exist as a single state. Only with peace does it have a chance to build a multi-ethnic democracy." These sentiments reveal that the administration has an agenda larger than peace. Bosnia is to be an experimental laboratory for every liberal notion of "new world" nation-building that the fertile imaginations in the State Department can concoct.

Critics have focused on the contradictions within the Dayton Accord which, while speaking of the "sovereignty, territorial integrity and political independence of Bosnia" also partitions the country into two "Entities" (a Muslim-Croat Federation and a Serbian Republic) with three armies ("The Army of the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Croat Defense Council Forces and the Army of the Republika Srpska"). Each Entity will have its own citizens, parliament, and president. The two Entities will be separated by a four-kilometer-wide demilitarized "Inter-Entity Boundary" patrolled by the NATO-led Implementation Force (IFOR).

For a central government to exercise its "sovereignty" throughout the territory of Bosnia and Herzegovina would require projecting power across this boundary in a way that would surely reignite a war whose origins lay in the unwillingness of the Serbs (and to a lesser extent the Croats) to live under a Muslim-led regime. There has been concern expressed in Congress that if Clinton pursues a "single state" Bosnian strategy, American troops would be caught in just such a renewed struggle—and, indeed, might even spearhead it.

A close look at the Dayton Accord reveals, however, that the chances of a central Bosnian state emerging to carry out any kind of concerted policy is quite slim. The liberal "New World Order" structure imposed on Sarajevo by the Clinton administration renders any rhetoric about sovereignty and independence moot. The Bosnian "state" has all but disappeared. Where once its existence was threatened by advancing Serbian troops, it has now been rendered incompetent by a constitutional structure that would bewilder Lani Guinier. The remnants are then absorbed by international organizations and foreign bureaucrats. The poor, suffering Bosnians faced a more honorable fate in open combat.

The Dayton Accord included a new constitution for Bosnia and Herzegovina, designated as Annex 4. The preamble does not declare for a "more perfect union." Instead, it is "Guided by the Purposes and Principles of the charter of the United Nations" and "Inspired by the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, the International Covenants on Civil and Political Rights and on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights, and the Declaration on the Rights of Persons Belonging to National or Ethnic, Religious and Linguistic Minorities, as well as other human rights instruments." Attached at the end of the constitution is a list of 15 of these other human rights instruments, including the 1979 Convention on the Elimination of All Forms

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of Discrimination Against Women, the 1989 Convention on the Rights of the Child, and the 1990 International Convention on the Protection of All Migrant Workers and Members of Their Families. Article I proclaims that Bosnia and Herzegovina "shall remain a Member State of the United Nations." National sovereignty is surrendered in Article II, where it is declared that "The rights and freedoms set forth in the European Convention for the Protection of Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms and its Protocols shall apply directly in Bosnia and Herzegovina. These shall have priority over all other law." Article III reiterates this theme by stating that "the general principles of international law shall be an integral part of the law of Bosnia and Herzegovina and the Entities."

Article II also contains an "Enumeration of Rights," which includes the usual safeguards for free expression, religion, property, movement, association, and fair trials; and against slavery, torture, and inhumane punishment. However, it also guarantees a right to "education," "to marry and found a family," and to "private and family life, home and correspondence." Article X prohibits any amendment of Article II.

There is a bicameral Parliamentary Assembly. The House of People has 15 members and the House of Representatives has 42. Each house is divided into three equal shares based on ethnicity. Muslim and Croat members will come from the Federation, Serbs from the Republika Srpska. Delegates to the House of People are selected by the Entity parliaments as U.S. Senators were once selected by state legislatures. Members of the House of Representatives are elected by popular vote by ethnic constituencies. The chair of each house will rotate among leaders of the three ethnic groups.

Decisions in both houses will be made by majority vote, as long as the dissenting votes do not include two-thirds or more of the members from any one of the ethnic groups. Thus the members from the Muslim-Croat Federation, who will hold two-thirds of the seats, cannot impose their will unless they gain the votes of at least one-third of the Serbian members. The same would hold true for any other alliance. Also, a majority of any ethnic delegation can declare a decision "destructive to the vital interest" of its group. This triggers the creation of a Joint Commission to negotiate a compromise. If negotiations fail after five days, the issue is referred to the Constitutional Court.

The tripartite presidency works in a similar fashion. The presidency "shall endeavor to adopt all Presidency Decisions by consensus." If consensus proves impossible, decisions can be made by any two of the three leaders. However, the dissenting member of the presidency can then declare the decision "destructive of a vital interest" of his Entity, and if a two-thirds vote of his home Entity's parliament confirms his objection, the presidency decision cannot take effect.

These elaborate procedures to protect each ethnic group from the others gives grim testimony to the complete lack of trust among the factions and absence of any common national feelings on which to base a "single state" version of Bosnia. The resulting gridlock will work to the advantage of the intentional organizations and foreign officials who will end up running Bosnia on a day-to-day basis.

The Constitutional Court, to which disputes in the Parliament are to be referred, is a perfect example of Bosnia's loss of sovereignty. The court will have nine justices, limited to one five-year term. Two judges will come from each ethnic group (chosen by the Entity parliaments) and the other three will be appointed by the president of the European Court of Human Rights. These last three, who will hold the balance of power and can form a majority with any one of the three Bosnian ethnic groups, cannot be citizens of Bosnia or any of the surrounding countries. Thus, Bosnia's highest court, which will also hear appeals from the domestic legal system and interpret all constitutional issues, will be dominated by foreign judges. At the end of five years, the Parliament can pass a law to change how the three seats initially held by foreign judges will be filled in the future. If, however, such a law became a victim of gridlock, the foreign domination would continue.

Constitutional issues can be sent to the Constitutional Court by a Member of the Presidency, by the Chair of the Council of Ministers, by the Chair or Deputy Chair of either chamber of the Parliament, by one-fourth of the members of either chamber of the Parliament, or by one-fourth of the members of either Entity parliament. Among the issues specified for judicial review is any decision by either Entity to "establish a special parallel relationship with a neighboring state." That is, for the Bosnian Serbs and Croats to move toward union with Serbia or Croatia. The outcome of such a review would hinge not only on internal politics but on the diplomatic considerations of the European judges.

A Central Bank is also established by the Constitution, its responsibilities to be set by the Parliament. However, for the first six years, the governor of the bank will be an appointee of the International Monetary Fund who cannot be a citizen of Bosnia or any surrounding state. There will also be one member on the Governing Board from each ethnic group. During the first six years, the bank "may not extend credit by creating money," a prohibition that is consistent with the IMF's propensity for austerity policies.

Annex Six of the Dayton Accord establishes a Commission on Human Rights and gives it a mandate to enforce the rights listed under Article II of the Constitution, which are repeated in the annex. This mandate is extremely broad, running to the consideration of "alleged or apparent violations of human rights as provided in the European Convention for the Protection of Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms and the Protocols thereto" and "alleged or apparent discrimination on any ground such as sex, race, color, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, association with a national minority, property, birth or other status arising in the enjoyment of any of the rights and freedoms provided for in the international agreements listed in the Appendix."

The Human Rights Commission has two organs. The Ombudsman will conduct investigations, issue reports and recommendations, and refer cases to the Human Rights Chamber for judgment and remedies. For the first five years, the Ombudsman and the Chamber will be dominated by foreigners. The Ombudsman will be appointed by the Chairman-in-Office of the Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe and may not be a citizen of Bosnia or any surrounding state. The Chamber will have 14 members: two from each Bosnian ethnic group and the remaining eight by appointment by the Committee of Ministers of the Council of Europe. This European-appointed majority cannot be citizens of Bosnia or any surrounding state. After the five-year transition period, the Ombudsman and Chamber members will all be appointed by the tripartite Presidency of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The Human Rights Commission will have the powers of the



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Inquisition. The Ombudsman "shall have access to and may examine all official documents, including classified ones, as well as judicial and administrative files, and can require any person, including a government official, to cooperate by providing relevant information, documents and files." A party "identified as violating any human rights shall, within a specified period, explain in writing how it will comply with the conclusions" of the Ombudsman. In the event that "a person or entity does not comply with his or her conclusions and recommendations," the Ombudsman can forward a report to the High Representative; that is, to the person who will serve as the U.N. Security Council's colonial governor of Bosnia (despite Clinton's claims that IFOR is a NATO operation, Article VI of Annex 1-A seeks to justify intervention under Chapter VII of the U.N. Charter, as were the other "peace enforcement" operations in Somalia and Haiti).

The High Representative is "the final authority in theater" regarding the interpretation of the civilian aspects of the Dayton Accord. He will monitor the peace settlement; promote compliance by the Entities and coordinate the activities of all civilian organizations and agencies in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The High Representative will also chair the Joint Civilian Commission, which will include representatives from the Bosnian government, the Entities, the IFOR commander, and "those civilian organizations and agencies the High Representative deems necessary." This will be the real government of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The High Representatives can even set up local versions of the Joint Civilian Commission anywhere in Bosnia and establish other commissions as needed to "facilitate the execution of his or her mandate."

The High Representative will give "guidance" to the U.N. International Police Task Force (UNIPTF), which in turn will advise, train, monitor, and inspect all law enforcement activities and facilities, including associated judicial organizations in Bosnia and the Entities. Bosnia and the Entities will "upon request by the UNIPTF . . . make available for training qualified personnel." Any failure to cooperate with the UNIPTF or to obstruct its operation will result in a complaint to the High Representative and the IFOR commander.

IFOR is the muscle behind any policies pursued by the civilian administrators. The greatest danger of renewed war will come from any concerted movement of refugees across the partition lines to reclaim lost territory. The possible use of refugees as a tool to expand the domain of the Bosnian regime was raised by Bosnian Ambassador-at-Large Muhamed Sacirbey at Brown University on November 30. "It is not a just peace," said the ambassador. "We don't want to be divided. . . . We don't want paper with signatures, we want . . . freedom of movement and the right to return to home villages." It is well known that such a "peaceful" invasion would be resisted. Refugees are unlikely to cross the lines without armed escorts, but neither the Muslim-Croat Federation nor the Serb Republic have the strength to carry out such an expansionist policy.

But the international regime in Bosnia does have the power and the ideological commitment to multiethnic integration. Annex 1-A, Article VI gives IFOR the mission "to observe and prevent interference with the movement of civilian populations, refugees, and displaced persons, and to respond appropriately to deliberate violence to life and person." Annex Seven gives refugees and displaced persons "the right freely to return to their homes or origin. They shall have the right to have restored to them property of which they were deprived in the course of hostilities since 1991 and to be compensated for any property that cannot be restored to them." A Commission for Displaced Persons and Refugees will supervise this process and rule on the validity of claims. This commission will have nine members, two from each ethnic group, and the remaining three (including the chairman) appointed by the European Court of Human Rights.

With the constitution, police, central bank, refugees, and "human rights" in the hands of foreign officials for the rest of the century, Bosnia and Herzegovina cannot be considered a "state" in any meaningful sense. It has been turned into an international protectorate at best, a laboratory for liberal political and social experimentation at worst. A one-year commitment of IFOR troops will not suffice to keep this intrusive regime in place for the five- or six-year transition period envisioned in the Dayton Accord. The constitutional gridlock imposed on Bosnian institutions would normally result in the strengthening of the Entities as the only effective governments. However, the foreign authorities are not constrained by any constitutional checks and balances, nor by the workings of democracy for that matter, despite the rhetorical emphasis being placed on preparing Bosnia and the Entities for free elections.

This is a much broader and deeper commitment than the American people realize. It runs far beyond mere "peacekeeping." It is nothing less than the total, systematic restructuring of Bosnian society in accord with liberal-utopian values that have little chance of taking root. This is a full-blown expression of the "enlargement" of American foreign policy, which had been the hallmark of the Clinton administration. The case for the massive reconstruction of war-torn societies was set out by Anthony Lake long before he became National Security Advisor. The expense will be enormous in terms of foreign assistance on top of the costs of the military deployment. As Lake argued in a 1990 monograph for the Overseas Development Council, "it is safe to say that the needs of these societies . . . will outstrip the available assistance. This should not be so. As many have argued, enhanced foreign aid programs would take up only a very small share of expected peace dividends in the United States and other donor nations." He then went on to urge that "the response of the United States, and others, should not be based only on a narrow definition of national interest." Administration officials have looked far and wide for somewhere to implement these notions. Bosnia is their new laboratory, providing a larger scope for experimentation than either Somalia or Haiti.

The American public has not been treated to a very deep discussion of the broader issues. Debate has not moved much beyond the question of whether Bosnia is worth the cost of the purely military intervention on which the media have concentrated. Clinton's lackluster trip to Bosnia failed to spark renewed discussion of American policy. Indeed, the trip's very lack of substance seemed calculated to reinforce the administration's claim that the mission is of limited scope and duration.

Yet, if the public is unconvinced of the wisdom of even the minimalist view of the operation which has been presented to them, they will find the full implementation of the Dayton Accord hard to swallow. This larger agenda, with its many dangers of confrontation and prolonged involvement, is only slowly coming into view. If mission creep is not to break into full gallop, tight oversight by Congress and concerned outside groups will have to be exercised in the months ahead.



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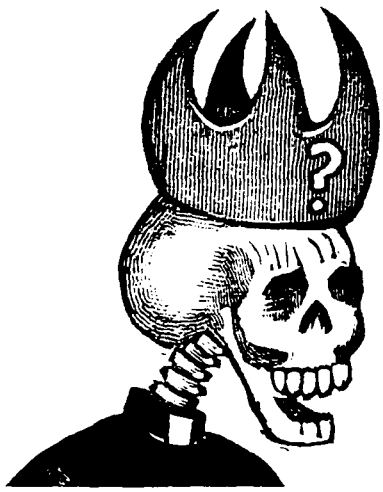
# Why Liberal Catholicism Is Suicidal



The liberal, anti-doctrinal spirit is poisoning the Catholic Church in America. Liberal Catholics don't like to talk about sin and its consequences. But then why did Christ bother to get crucified? And what are we saved from? Liberal priests are silent about Hell — but if there's no Hell, why be good? Indeed, why go to church? Not surprisingly, church attendance has dropped dramatically. Liberals are forever bellyaching about the "sexist, homophobic, oppressive" Church. Thus they're unable to attract many converts. Liberal clerics excuse their people from the Church's high sexual standards. No wonder certain of them would excuse themselves too, hence so many sex scandals among the clergy. Liberal priests don't explain Catholic teaching to their flocks. No wonder Catholics are being won over by fundamentalists, cults, and New Agers, who *do* know what they believe and why.

Liberal Catholicism denies the binding character of Scripture, tradition, and Magisterium: One need only "follow one's conscience," which amounts to doing only what's convenient. Why belong to a church which preaches *that*? People instinctively do what's convenient, without any coaxing from the clergy. Liberal Catholics are just imitators of liberal *Protestants*. By making Christianity comfortably ambiguous, have liberal Protestant churches been flooded with converts? No. They're actually dying! Why? Because they offer *no authoritative answers* to life's big questions: why am I here? what is true religion and virtue? how do I get to Heaven? By essentially turning themselves into debate clubs and therapy centers, they've failed to offer people anything unique and unsurpassable. They elicit no commitment and little interest.

Catholicism in America could go down the tubes too if authentic Catholics don't stand up for the Faith. This is where the NEW OXFORD REVIEW comes in. An orthodox Catholic monthly magazine, we combat dissent and decay in the Church, and decadence and despair in Western culture. We "belong in every loyal Catholic's arsenal," according to Fr. Joseph Fessio.

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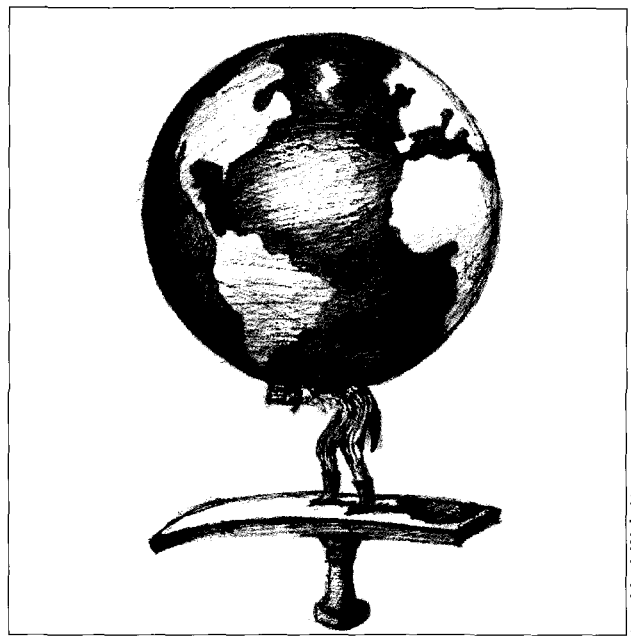
# Uncle Sam, International Nanny

by Doug Bandow



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The Cold War may have ended, but Washington policymakers don't seem to have noticed. America, facing no serious security threats, accounts for roughly 40 percent of the globe's military spending. Our expenditures outpace those of Russia by three or more to one; America spends twice as much as Britain, France, Germany, and Japan combined. What for? During the Cold War the doctrine of containment provided a coherent rationale for a large military in advanced outposts around the globe. That justification has obviously vanished, so today policymakers are busy concocting new "vital" missions to replace that of resisting communism. The most obvious is Bosnia, where the United States Army has been sent to police a tragic but strategically unimportant civil war on the fringes of another continent. President Clinton called it vital, but this is the same President who argued that restoring a demagogue to power in Haiti was "vital."

Unfortunately, the Clinton administration is hardly alone in concocting stupid new duties for the American military. For instance, former Secretary of State James Baker worries that "NATO remains an organization in search of a mission." He is not the first person to make such an observation. In the aftermath of communism's 1989 implosion, NATO fans became quite creative at proposing new roles for what was until then the quintessential anti-Soviet alliance. Robert Hormats, currently vice chairman of Goldman Sachs International, argued that Western leaders should "expand the range of issues on which NATO engages the common efforts of the European and North American democracies—from student exchanges, to fighting the drug trade, to resisting terrorism, to countering threats to the environment." Hormats was not alone in believing that a military alliance could be transformed into a combination student exchange service and public-sector version of Greenpeace. Former U.S. NATO Ambassador David Abshire insisted that NATO "could coordinate the transfer of environmental-control and energy-conservation technology to the East, thereby benefiting the global ecology." All that was missing was a proposal to turn American tanks into bookmobiles to be sent throughout Central and Eastern Europe.

But as the post-Cold War era has turned out to be less stable and more contentious than originally hoped, members of the NATO Forever Club have come to believe that they are more likely to save NATO if they can preserve its military character. Thus, James Baker's solution: redefine the alliance's role to permit "military action anywhere and under any circumstances when [Europe's] peace and stability is threatened." He cited as an example the Balkans, and proposed warning "all of Macedonia's neighbors—Serbia, Albania, Bulgaria, and, yes, even NATO-member Greece—that any adventurism in Macedonia would be considered a threat to European peace and stability and would be met with the full force of the alliance." Thus, the United States would move from defending states it has long considered to be important for American security to protecting a brand new country lacking even an implausible connection to American interests. Perhaps even more incredibly, Baker would have NATO shift from protecting member nations from outsiders to protecting outsiders from member nations.

Of course, Baker is not the only person to consider the Balkans worthy of military involvement. Before President Clinton, with congressional acquiescence, plunged American forces into the region to keep a dubious peace, Thomas Friedman of the *New York Times* called on America to use its forces to rescue British and French "peacekeeping" troops, if they were stranded in Bosnia. Unlike President Clinton, Friedman did not be-

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lieve that the Balkans mattered. Friedman professed that "I don't give two cents about Bosnia. Not two cents. The people there have brought on their troubles." However, he felt "loyalty to the allies who have put their own troops into harm's way." Now, Britain and France are perfectly nice places to visit, but they are grown-up countries and walked into danger with full knowledge of what they were getting into. Both have significant and sophisticated militaries of their own. Why should it be America's job to rescue *their* troops?

About all that can be said of Friedman's idea was that it was not quite as crazy as that of William Odom of the Hudson Institute, who wanted Washington to insert 100,000 soldiers into the Balkans as an occupation army to force an end to the war. What American interest warranted that kind of commitment, and what specific settlement would be fair, he never said; nor did he explain why the tragedy in Bosnia deserved such a commitment while those in, say, Angola or Armenia or Sudan did not. At least President Clinton waited for a semblance of peace, even though the half-life of the peace agreement could be months.

Of course, the lack of serious interests in a region has not stopped the administration from seeking to extend NATO to Moscow's doorstep and convince Russia that expanding the formerly anti-Soviet alliance is a friendly act. Countries like Hungary and Rumania hope to use the so-called Partnership for Peace as a way station to full alliance membership. Although Moscow's military is nearly as decrepit as its economy, and Russia's primary challenge today is simply to hold itself together, the administration wants to defend not only populous and prosperous Western Europe, but also Central and Eastern European nations barely five years removed from the Warsaw Pact. Even that fails to satisfy George Melloan of the *Wall Street Journal*, who wants to "extend NATO's protection to Georgia and Azerbaijan." Some people, like Alexander Haig, have even proposed including Russia in NATO, which would effectively turn the North Atlantic Treaty Organization into the North Atlantic-North Pacific Treaty Organization. Perhaps the alliance could next invite, say, China to join.

Indeed, what country should not sign up? The administration wants to move NATO south as well as east. Washington, at Europe's urging, would insert what formally remains the "North Atlantic" Treaty Organization into North and West Africa to act as an anti-Islamic bulwark. Former NATO Secretary General Willy Claes, for instance, charged (in a statement that he later recanted) that Islam poses as great a threat today as communism did in the past. Another European official warned that North Africa's population is growing much faster than that of Europe. "Given the demographic gap, the eventual outcome is predictable. The West is destined to succumb," he warned.

Supposedly so serious is this possibility that alliance officials are demanding an official Western response. "For the past two years, the main concern among NATO's military strategic experts has been the southern threat," explained another unnamed European source. Thus, NATO officials have begun a dialogue with Egypt, Israel, Morocco, Tunisia, and, yes, Mauritania. The goal, it is said, is a North African version of the Partnership for Peace. One NATO official anonymously called for military involvement in Morocco and Tunisia: "You could have a preventive deployment of forces on the requests of those governments."

But then, to listen to the Heritage Foundation, there are other reasons to bring Morocco into a dialogue with NATO. According to analyst James Phillips, Morocco "was a key U.S. ally during the Cold War, cooperating with Washington to contain Soviet influence in the Middle East and Africa." Really? However soothing King Hassan's words, they did not have much to do with Libya's terrorist activities, Egypt's expulsion of Soviet advisors, the switch in allegiance of Ethiopia and Somalia with America and the Soviet Union, or the friendship with Moscow of Syria's Assad. Anyway, how about today? "Morocco has become a bulwark of stability in a volatile region," explains Phillips. Consequently, Washington needs to "cooperate with Morocco in containing radical Middle Eastern states and Muslim extremism." In particular, he argues, America needs to develop contingency plans in case Algeria's military government falls to fundamentalist Muslims, build and even *operate* surveillance radars, and possibly jointly support anti-Islamic groups.

> Why American taxpayers, who are each already spending more than Korean citizens just to defend Korea, should pay even more is not immediately obvious. Washington's allies have become a bunch of international welfare queens.

Nor is that all. Phillips wants the United States to "seek to deprive Algerian Islamists of external support. The U.S. needs to increase economic and diplomatic pressures on Iran and Sudan, which aid Algerian Islamists, and cooperate with European allies to reduce the flow of arms and money from Algerian expatriates in Europe." Yet what does America have to fear from Muslims in Algeria, Muslims who won a free election, only to see their victory voided by the military? They have no interest in carrying conflict to America—unless Washington turns itself into a target by targeting the ancient religion. And especially by working with Morocco, hardly a paragon of democratic virtue.

But Morocco and Algeria are not our only interests in Africa, in the opinion of some pundits. Columnist B.J. Cutler, for instance, demands action in the Sudan—an "economic embargo and a blockade to stop arms and aviation fuel from reaching Sudan." Why should we intervene there? Well, he writes, the nation "borders on Egypt, Libya, Chad, Central African Republic, Zaire, Uganda, Kenya, Ethiopia and Eritrea. It threatens to export instability and Muslim fundamentalism." Yet the Sudan has been in chaos and immersed in civil war for a



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decade. Countries like Libya already suffer under bizarre tyrannies. Nations like Zaire long ago descended into chaos, without help from Sudan. Moreover, the fact that so many countries surround the Sudan suggests that enforcing an embargo would be no easy task. Tragic Sudan is. Require American intervention it does not.

Then there's Burundi. With this Central African nation threatening to go up in flames again, Thomas Friedman wants America to "use [its] power to try to stop potential genocide." Pauline Baker of the Fund for Peace and Lionel Rosenblatt of Refugees International contend that the United States should send troops now, since if it "does not take the lead in pushing for early intervention, we may be drawn in anyway." But why Burundi and not Afghanistan, Angola, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Cambodia, Ethiopia, Georgia, Liberia, Mozambique, Rwanda, Sierra Leone, Somalia, Tajikistan, and Uganda, to name just a few murderous hellholes past and present? American soldiers should be able to enjoy the fact that America is at peace, just like the civilians they are defending.

Moving further around the globe we come to Burma, which has not been important strategically since World War II. But columnist Lally Weymouth calls for "direct or covert military action—or bilateral action with the Chinese," to eradicate drug producers in the Southeast Asian state. What makes Burma so critical? Many countries produce drugs, and America does not—at least, not yet—invade them. Indeed, Washington cannot even eliminate the domestic demand for illicit substances. How, then, can it claim the right to bomb producers halfway around the globe? Using this precedent, Saudi Arabia could rightly strike, say, a beer producer in Milwaukee. What of Weymouth's proposal to cooperate with China in military operations? Perhaps she should ask other nations in the region, including American allies like Thailand, which fear Beijing.

In fact, because of China the *New York Times*' Friedman, fresh from demanding American involvement in the Balkans and Burundi, calls for "dusting off" the charter of SEATO, the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, which collapsed back in 1977. He hopes that engagement with China will moderate its activities, but wants the United States to maintain its forces in the Far East and to undertake "hidden containment." But why should America take the lead when the threat is regional rather than global, and containable by prosperous and populous regional powers? The United States established its dominant military role in East Asia when hegemonic communism seemed on the move around the globe and there were no effective regional counterweights. Today, the potential Chinese threat does not extend to the United States, and a combination of such nations as Japan, South Korea, Philippines, and even Vietnam could cooperate to offset and deter Chinese aggression. Washington should encourage them to create their own SEATO—like today's ASEAN—without the United States as a member.

Then there is Cambodia. Richard Fisher of Heritage wants to provide economic and military aid to Cambodia, as well as work with Thailand and, yes, Vietnam—which at last notice was still communist—"to promote democratic and free-market economic reforms in Cambodia." Fisher would also pressure Bangkok into allowing America to pre-position war materials in Thailand "in order to deter conflicts on the Korean Peninsula and the Persian Gulf." Alas, it is hard to imagine that either Kim Jong Il or Saddam Hussein would be frightened by a few tanks stationed in Thailand. Especially Kim Jong Il, since Thailand is further from Korea than Guam and barely closer than Wake Island. The North Korean dictator would probably be more impressed if increasingly wealthy South Korea upped its own defense outlays.

Speaking of Korea, more than a few policymakers and analysts have proposed bombing the North if it refuses to concede its nuclear potential. Richard Haass of the Council on Foreign Relations, for instance, argues "we should also develop options to destroy the North Korean nuclear complex in a preventive military strike," a step feared by the South Koreans—who obviously have the greatest interest in forestalling a nuclearized North—because it could easily start a full-scale war on the peninsula. Even people less inclined to pour gasoline and then toss a lighted match on the most militarized chunk of ground on earth would have the United States increase its conventional military presence in the South. Columnist Tony Snow wants America to "get tough" and to "send in reinforcements if the South Koreans and our other regional allies agree." Why shouldn't they? They have enjoyed American protection for decades and have no reason to stop now.

Indeed, these days Americans routinely insist that other countries allow us to defend them. Fisher, for instance, said at the height of the North Korean nuclear scare, "South Korea must be defended." Certainly, but why by the United States? Seoul has some 18 times the economic strength and twice the population of Pyongyang. Why American taxpayers, who are each already spending more than Korean citizens just to defend Korea, should pay even more is not immediately obvious. Washington's allies have become a bunch of international welfare queens.

As we move closer to home, narcotics is the favorite justification for foreign intervention, including possible military action. Former drug czar William Bennett and Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Jesse Helms, for instance, have demanded that the administration "stiffen its spine and show some resolve in its anti-drug efforts" in response to the "narcodemocracy" of Colombia. The Heritage Foundation's John Sweeney proposes that the United States "consider every possible avenue for compelling the Colombian government to crack down on" drug cartels. Including, one wonders, nuclear strikes? After all, Representative Dan Burton, chairman of the House International Relations Subcommittee on the Western Hemisphere, wants to "send in some of our people" to arrest Colombian drug producers and suggests stationing aircraft carriers loaded with herbicides off of Bolivia and Peru to implement, apparently forcibly, drug eradication programs. Well, why not? What else are we going to do with our fleets, as the Red Navy rusts in port and sells its carriers for scrap?

The world remains a dangerous place, even after the end of the Cold War, but the form of danger—and especially the risk to the United States—is quite different. Today, anyway, not all international problems are our problems. Rather than dreaming up new purposes for Cold War institutions and forces, policymakers should stop encouraging Washington to act as an international cop out to police the rest of the globe. Then we could turn the Pentagon into a true Department of *Defense* and cut the military budget accordingly, finally allowing the American people, who spent some $13 trillion (in today's dollars) to win the Cold War, to enjoy the fruits of their costly victory.



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# America First

by Congressman James Traficant

*On Michael New*

On January 24, I introduced a resolution condemning the court-martial in Germany of U.S. Army Specialist Michael New, who refused to wear the insignia of the United Nations on his uniform. My resolution, coauthored with Congressman Roscoe Bartlett (Republican-Maryland), calls on President Clinton to vindicate the principle under which Michael New made his refusal, to take action to override Specialist New's conviction, and to restore Specialist New to his position in the Army with honor.

Specialist Michael New is a twice-decorated soldier. He was scheduled to go to Macedonia with his unit as part of a United Nations peacekeeping mission, and he was more than willing to serve there with his unit. Specialist New, however, refused to wear the blue beret and shoulder patch of the United Nations, basing his refusal on the fact that he had enlisted in the Army as a volunteer to protect and serve the *United States*—not the United Nations.

The United Nations Participation Act of 1945 prohibits the use of the U.S. Armed Forces in U.N. deployments unless Congress approves of the participation agreement in advance by appropriate act or joint resolution. The deployment of American troops to Macedonia has never been approved by Congress. Both the Constitution and existing American law prohibit members of the U.S. Armed Forces from receiving badges or insignia from a foreign government, including any international or multinational organization whose members include any unit of a foreign government, without the consent of Congress. The use of U.N. insignia and uniforms by U.S. troops has *never* been approved by Congress. The Army's action in compelling Michael New to wear the U.N. insignia on his uniform was therefore unconstitutional.

What has this country come to when we allow a decorated American soldier to be court-martialed and drummed out of the Army for refusing to wear a foreign uniform? The only people who should be court-martialed are the bureaucrats in the Army who allowed Michael New to be tried and convicted. Michael New is an American hero, and I will continue to do everything I can to reverse his conviction and ensure that no American soldier is ever forced to wear a foreign uniform again.

*Protecting Our Borders*

Last year I introduced legislation that would authorize the Pentagon to redeploy American troops stationed in Europe to assist federal law enforcement officials patrolling America's Southern border. Every day dangerous criminals pour into our country through our border with Mexico—unchallenged.

My bill authorizes the Secretary of Defense—at the request of the Attorney General—to transfer up to 10,000 American troops stationed in Europe back to the United States to assist the Border Patrol and the Immigration and Naturalization Service in preventing illegal aliens, drug traffickers, and terrorists from entering our country. The bill would also allow American troops to assist the Customs Service in inspecting cargo, vehicles, and aircraft at points of entry into the United States.

Let's be candid. The Border Patrol has only 3,800 personnel to guard the two longest borders of one of the largest countries of the world. Reports indicate that, at any given time, only 800 patrolmen are available to protect our 2,000 mile border with

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*James Traficant is a United States Congressman (Democrat) from Ohio.*



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Mexico. Congress has failed to provide funding to enlarge the Border Patrol, and until Congress can find the money, this military option is the best short-term way to address this shortage of personnel.

We have hundreds of thousands of troops deployed throughout the world protecting European, Asian, and Latin American nations. If the Pentagon can send hundreds of thousands of American troops to protect our allies, it should be able to spare 10,000 military personnel to protect America.

*Foreign Aid*

Last spring the House approved two of my amendments that require recipients of U.S. foreign aid to purchase American-made goods. If we are going to send money overseas, Congress should at least ensure that the aid is used to buy American products.

Specifically, my amendments required recipient countries to use U.S. foreign aid to purchase American-made commodities, services, or defense equipment. The requirement could be waived if, one, the goods purchased are made in the recipient country, or are not available in the United States or a developing country; two, Congress has specifically authorized procurement outside the United States; or, three, the President determines that procurement outside the United States would result in the more efficient use of American foreign aid.

I have also considered another amendment that would cut American foreign aid programs by five percent across the board—except for antiterrorism aid, disaster assistance, the Peace Corps, and narcotics control. This would result in a savings of $766 million.

*Foreign Lobbying Laws*

Last spring I testified before a House panel on behalf of my proposal to toughen federal registration requirements for foreign lobbyists. The American people have a right to know who is getting paid by foreign interests to influence our government. My bill would close the loopholes that exist in current law and end the secrecy surrounding foreign lobbying.

According to a 1990 General Accounting Office report on the Foreign Agents Registration Act of 1938 (FARA), of the thousands of known foreign lobbyists in the country, only 775 foreign agents actually registered with the Justice Department. The report detailed a number of other problems associated with FARA. Unfortunately, since the report was released, neither the Justice Department nor Congress has rectified this breach of security.

FARA requires foreign agents to disclose their connections with foreign governments, foreign political parties, and other foreign principals to the Justice Department's Foreign Agents Registration Unit. The term "foreign agent" was originally used to identify foreign principals in America who were spreading foreign propaganda and organizing political activities. As a result, many individuals and law firms *representing* foreign interests are exempt from registration under the act. My bill sub-

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## Afternoon in a Yellow Room

***by Charles Edward Eaton***

Too much of anything requires a mix—
She knows her skin is white, and chose a yellow room:
That is she stirred it in, in several shades, with different sticks.

Walls were white with lemon yellow borders,
Curtains yellow silk, some yellow chairs matted with white straw:
The painter, here and there, gave subtle orders.

It will not last, of course. Nothing does beneath the sun—
It will go shabby, bilious, rancid, out of style,
All of that beauty gone with the dandelion.

All of this she knows, looks in the mirror, predicts her fall:
The lines, the creases, gray as the fragile puff left on the flower's stem—
So she must be in love, or not at all, with things ephemeral.

The yellow clothes that lie in hostage to the moths—
Someone will come someday, a brisk, belated buyer,
To mock, misunderstand, the faded yellow humps beneath the dust cloths—

Not feeling palpitations, the joyousness of tint and tone,
The calculations, calibrations, spent on passing things,
Thinking that eternity is only found in stone.



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stitutes the term "representative of a foreign interest" for "foreign agent," thus broadening the definition and closing a loophole. FARA also provides certain exemptions to registration including commercial activities. Foreign agents, for example, are not required to notify the Justice Department's Registration Unit to claim an exemption, making it difficult for the Justice Department to determine who should be registered.

All such exemptions need to be terminated. My bill also cracks down on those foreign agents who fail to register with the Justice Department in a timely fashion, which is a serious problem today. Of the 28 registration statements reviewed in the GAO report, a whopping 68 percent had not registered on time. My bill would subject any person who has failed to file, omitted information, or lied about the facts of his foreign lobbying to a minimum fine of $2,000 and a maximum fine of one million dollars.

*Buy American*

In June 1995, the House approved my Buy American amendment to legislation authorizing funds for the Pentagon. My amendment was designed to end preferential treatment in Pentagon procurements for products made in countries that discriminate against American firms. The thrust of my amendment is very simple: countries that keep their government contracts off-limits to American firms will get the same treatment from Uncle Sam.

The United States has entered into a number of bilateral and multilateral trade agreements, such as the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade and the North American Free Trade Agreement. Companies from countries that have signed these agreements can get preferential treatment when bidding on American government contracts. Under my amendment, if a country discriminates against American firms, the Pentagon terminates the preferential treatment in procurement for products made in that country.

*Fair Trade*

I am the ranking Democrat on the Coast Guard and Maritime Transportation Subcommittee, and last summer the House approved my provisions to the "Ocean Shipping Reform Act of 1995." The bill deregulates the ocean shipping industry and would eliminate the Federal Maritime Commission, the independent federal agency that currently regulates ocean shipping, by the end of fiscal year 1997. The FMC's remaining functions would be transferred to the United States Department of Transportation.

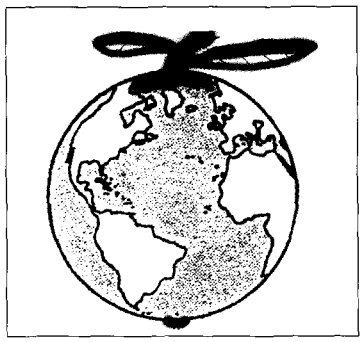
My provision strengthens federal laws governing unfair trade practices of foreign carriers and governments. It targets foreign carriers that are financially or organizationally affiliated with large, diversified, but vertically integrated interests. Carriers owned and operated in this fashion are like government-owned carriers, in that they may not have a pure profit motive—giving them an unfair competitive advantage. Current law does not allow our government to take action against these types of foreign carriers if they engage in unfair pricing practices that harm American shippers. It also gives the DOT the authority to take action against these carriers.

Some foreign shippers and at least one American newspaper have raised concerns about my provision. They have the mistaken impression that my provision allows the United States government to *regulate the rates* of foreign ship lines suspected of unfair pricing. This is not the case. My provision allows the U.S. Secretary of Transportation—after an investigation and public hearing—to seek remedies if the secretary finds that an ocean carrier is or has been financially affiliated with nontransportation entities—government or private—in such a way that disadvantages American carriers. The remedies authorized under my provision are the same as currently exist for government-controlled carriers that are engaging in unfair practices. Why should unfair or anticompetitive marketplace behavior by one class of carriers be treated any differently from that of another?

Some have also suggested that my provision was prompted by pressure from the American shipping lobby. Such accusations are insulting, to say the least. Anyone who has followed my career knows that I have been an outspoken and active voice for strong government action to combat illegal and damaging foreign trade practices. In working with my Republican colleagues on this legislation, one of my main interests was ensuring that deregulation of the ocean shipping industry and the elimination of the FMC did not result in a diminished effort by the United States to fight foreign carriers that engaged in unfair and predatory trade practices. That was the only driving force behind my amendment. American carriers and shippers learned of my provision only *after* a draft of the bill was supplied to their representatives, and to every other ocean shipping interest. I am pleased, however, that they support my provision.

As far as the protests of foreign shipping line executives are concerned, I have this message: play fair and you'll have nothing to worry about.

## LIBERAL ARTS



### THE FRUITS OF IMMIGRATION

Illegal aliens from Mexico are turning up in large numbers in northwestern Arkansas, reported *Border Watch* last January. Along with the influx has come an increase in the number of rapes, murders, and thefts in the area, which is causing problems for Arkansas courts. It seems few of the aliens speak English or even know the time or place of their birth. According to municipal judge Douglas Schrantz, many of them, when asked when they were born, simply respond, "'I was born when the avocados came in,' or something like that."



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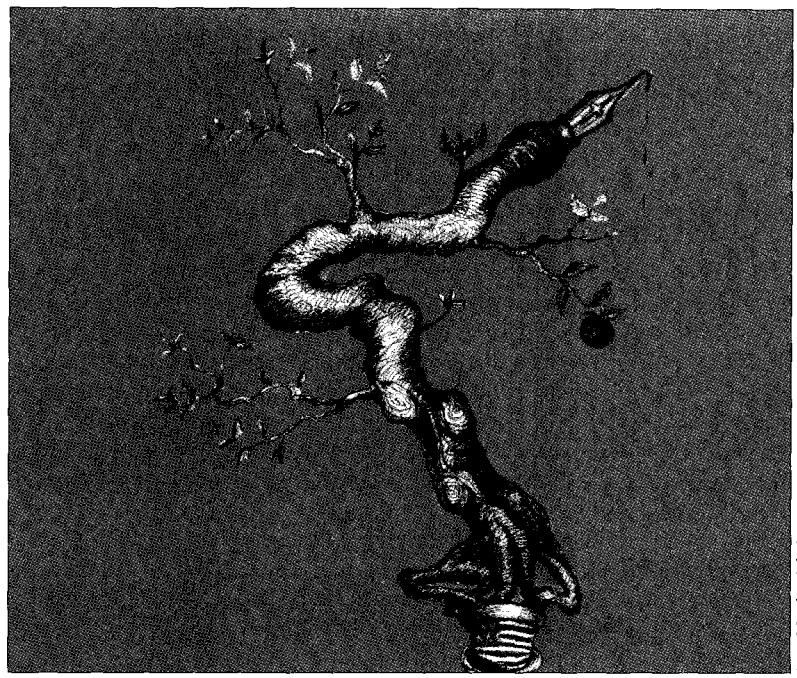
# The Spirit of Atlantic

by Bill Kauffman

*"The Empire is peace."*
—Napoleon III



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

**William Appleman Williams: The Tragedy of Empire**
*by Paul M. Buhle and Edward Rice-Maximin*
*New York: Routledge; 318 pp., $18.95*

◆

Bill Williams was an Eagle Scout, basketball star, paperboy, and jazz drummer in the Atlantic, Iowa, of the Depression. He was a wholesome mixture of small-town bohemian and Jimmy Stewart: he shared bottomless ice cream sodas with his girlfriend and read Hemingway; he played piano and made a soapbox derby racer. The Atlantic he lived and would carry with him always was a place, as the authors of this excellent biography write, of "judges handing down suspended sentences for theft of food, theater managers looking away when kids opened the back door for their poorer friends, and storekeepers keeping a 'tab' that they rightly suspected would never be repaid." Bill Williams grew into William Appleman Williams, the brave and idiosyncratic historian of United States diplomacy and American life, and it is the genius of his biographers Paul M. Buhle and Edward Rice-Maximin to locate Williams's "patriotic anti-imperialism" in "his roots in the small-town America of the Depression." Although writing a biography of a historian can be tricky business (the dramatic potential of "he approached the card catalogue gingerly" is limited), theirs is a superb study of the genesis of an American radical and a proprietary patriot. "Attacked frequently as an America-hater, Williams cared about the nation passionately, even obsessively, as if from a sense of family responsibility."

Both sides of his family traced their lineage to Revolutionary War soldiers; Williams was a "self-conscious heir to the great tradition." He believed his Atlantic (an ironically named hometown for a Beardian isolationist) to be virtually classless: like so many of our best Americans—Sinclair Lewis revisiting Sauk Centre, Jack Kerouac ever on the road back to Lowell—Williams's life can be read as an attempt first to escape, then make peace with, then vigorously champion, his hometown. Williams's mother was a melancholy teacher, his father a barnstorming pilot who was killed in a plane crash when the boy was eight. Charles Lindbergh once flew over the Williams home as a gesture of friendship; the historian later wrote of the Lone Eagle as a "last national hero from the past" who embodied the "nineteenth-century dream that the individual could become one with his tools and his work."

Young Williams won appointment to the Naval Academy. He wore his "Annapolis ring the rest of his life . . . sometimes consciously fingering it to unnerve his left-wing graduate students." His

*Bill Kauffman is the author of* Every Man a King, Country Towns of New York, *and* America First!



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classmates informally voted him most likely to join the Joint Chiefs of Staff, but he got his fill of war in the Pacific in 1944-45. So he traveled as far inland as he could go, ending up at the University of Wisconsin, where he studied for his doctorate with the storied Progressive Americanists of Madison: Fred Harvey Harrington, William B. Hesseltine, and Merrill Jensen (who, like Williams, preferred the Articles of Confederation to the Constitution). American independents all, "defenders of free thought and of resistance against the national juggernaut state," the "Madisonians seemed at once quaintly outdated and yet almost recklessly courageous in the face of cold-war pressures." Madison fit Williams; he would return as a professor, a citizen-scholar, and spend his most productive years in La Follette's state. He can be viewed as one of the last of the Progressive Republicans of the Midwest and West: those Sons of the Wild Jackass, as Williams's hero William Borah and his brethren were known. Williams was reviled in the 1950's and early 60's for the same reason that Bob La Follette would have been execrated in an age of Nixon and McNamara and Kennedy: as small-town Midwesterners operating from a set of radically different assumptions from those prevailing, they were rooted in an America that had been marked for extermination by the ruling class and its smug publicists. Atlantic had been swallowed by the Atlanticists.

Williams viewed "Open Door imperialism" as the propellant of American foreign policy: markets were to be pried open with crowbars and gunboats, and this expansion (the ideology of the cancer cell, as Edward Abbey was to say) "denies and subverts American ideas and ideals." The corporate state that developed at home to administer this imperialism was choking the last breaths out of the 10,000 Atlantics that made up America. And the villains, in Williams's view, were the pantheon-dwellers: the Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, and Wilson. The wise men, by contrast, were "the people who lost"—the "Enlightened conservatives," most famously Herbert Hoover, who sought to "evolve a way of having and eating the expansionist cake without paying for it by imperial wars."

I find Williams unconvincing on many matters: Hoover; his shoehorning of even tertium quid characters into the expansion/Open Door framework; his contention that 19th-century populism was motivated by a desire for overseas markets; his perverse admiration for allegedly benevolent Establishment men such as George W. Perkins, the House of Morgan henchman who as the "dough Moose" ran Teddy Roosevelt's Progressive Party. Nevertheless, he thought up his own ideas and signed his own name; and as the authors note, Williams "inverted the dominant assumptions of American intellectuals by viewing conventional liberalism not as a great liberating force but as a suffocating ideology that has preempted both solid radicalism and thoughtful conservatism."

Williams the solid radical defended Hoover the thoughtful conservative, perhaps because the socialism of small communities that Williams endorsed bore similarities to the "corporatist decentralism" that Williams and his students found in Hoover. (See especially Joan Hoff Wilson's *Herbert Hoover: Forgotten Progressive*.) But something even nobler pushed Williams toward Hoover: Iowa patriotism. His was a praiseworthy attempt to stick up for the much-maligned Hawkeye President, rather in the same way that John Updike has devoted a play and a novel to the great temporizer, his fellow Pennsylvanian James Buchanan.

Hoover stood outside the "bipartisan imperialism" to which both parties are devoted. Williams shrewdly noted that when a "deeply conservative corporation director" like Averell Harriman could run for office using "the rhetoric of left-liberals," the rulebook must be a lie. The jolt of this awareness can make a man stark raving sane: I think of Jeff Bridges in the final scene of one of the best recent American movies, Ivan Passer's *Cutter's Way* (1981), when the feckless Santa Barbaran Bridges discovers that all his cynical friend's wild conspiracy theories are true. So too for Bill Williams, the "bereaved patriot," when he came to realize that "the Old Left," as Buhle and Rice-Maximin write, "had hidden its socialist ideas inside a liberal casing and identified the enemy as the Far Right, when in reality a bipartisan corporate liberalism had long guided the State."

The bipartisans are always looking for bright young men who know that we're living in "the real world," as the snake hisses when he offers you the apple. Adolf Berle sought to bring Williams—who voted for Nixon as the


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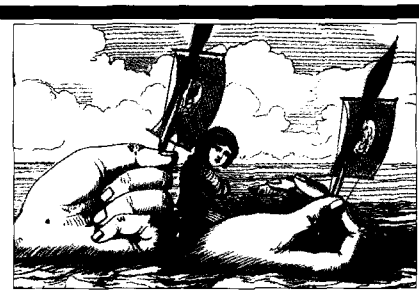

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NEW ADDRESS




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"lesser evil" in 1960—into the Kennedy administration and the Council on Foreign Relations. Williams suspected that he was being neutered, made "ready to join the system," and he refused. He preferred Madison to Washington, and as he said of the Kennedys, "Don't ask me why, I just don't trust them."

Williams maintained a surprising distance from the New Left, though not so surprising when one reads of his "socially conservative sensibilities," his consistent belief that the middle class was the American bedrock, and his disdain for feminism. (He was also a thrice-married adulterer.) Surely Williams was the only hero of the New Left who subjected his children to "Annapolis rituals such as shining their shoes and holding them up for inspection when he came home." At the apex of his reputation, he packed his family off to the Pacific coast, where he took a sharp pay cut to teach at Oregon State and live near the ocean in one of the small, working-class, poolhall towns he so loved and idealized. He fished and built model airplanes—including replicas of *The Spirit of St. Louis*.

Williams was an old-fashioned American village eccentric, contentious and refractory and sentimental to the core, and you either dig the type or you don't. One of my favorite Williams remarks concerns his Iowa paladin: "Hoover, in the depths of the hell of 1931, said that 'what this country needs is a great poem. Something to lift people out of fear and selfishness.' If you kill a Quaker engineer who came to understand that—and to believe in and commit himself to that—then you have murdered yourself."

A boy never forgets a visit from Charles Lindbergh, and if you can understand why Lindbergh's father, a Minnesota congressman, was called "the Gopher Bolshevik," then Williams the patriotic radical socialist Iowan makes perfect sense. His prescriptions may have been wrong, but what the hell, he wasn't a druggist, he was an American. He closed *Empire as a Way of Life* with a story about stealing "a very fine and expensive knife from the best hardware store in town":

> My maternal grandmother, Maude Hammond Appleman, discovered what I had done. She confronted me with the question: did you steal the knife? Yes, I stole the knife. Why? Because I wanted it, because I liked it, because I can use it.
>
> She said: the knife is not yours. You have not earned it. You will take it back.
>
> I said: I CAN'T do that.
>
> She said: You WILL do that. NOW.
>
> Oh, my: the moral force of the declarative sentence.
>
> And so I walked back along those long and lonely blocks to the store. And in through the door. And up, face to face, with the member of that small community who owned the store. And I said: I stole this knife and I am sorry and I am bringing it back.
>
> And he said: Thank you. The knife is not very important, but you coming down here and saying that to me is very important.
>
> Remembering all that, I know why I do not want the empire. There are better ways to live and there are better ways to die. ◈

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## Tumbleweed

*by Charles Edward Eaton*

He looked fixed in a certain mood,
But I could see tumbleweed in his eyes.
He might extend a hand, a turquoise ring,
As if to say he were richly weighted,
The indoor pool, a blue mine in his house.
Even the lush peonies in the garden
Looked heavy, dreaming incarceration,
As though they would be the ball to his chain.

In his neat study, one could also sense
A longing for tumult, the papers cringing
Beneath the paperweight, the cold rose eye
Caught in petaled anguish as it opened.
One wanted the house to yawn and relax,
The letter opener to have an erection,
The ink in the stand like Bluebeard's spittle,
Suitable only for lurid fiction.

He took me, of course, for a rolling stone,
His thick, plush green carpet held all the moss—
Just when I was ready to kiss his ring,
I saw his blue eyes roll in his head:
That rotation, slight, quick, but unsettling.
I winced as if a tumbler had just tossed
Me in the air and let me fall, flat out—
So, I was not meant to land on my feet.

It was for me a brisk opening West—
He could throw that pool as far as Idaho,
Indian tribes roamed on the turquoise ring,
The pink eye grew passionate with sunrise.
It seemed I had met the pope of pleasure,
Traveling far reaches in this foreign land—
I shall never forget how light and free
I felt, blessed with the touch of tumbleweed.



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# Unbaptized America

*by Philip Jenkins*

**The Godless Constitution: The Case Against Religious Correctness**
*by Isaac Kramnick and R. Laurence Moore*
*New York: W.W. Norton; 191 pp., $22.00*

◆

*The Godless Constitution* is a self-described polemic against those who believe that the United States was, is, or should be a "Christian nation." Essentially a historical analysis of the religious influences on the Framers of the Constitution, the book explores the superficially curious omission of God, even the simplest and most formal invocation, from that document. Religion is mentioned in the text of the Constitution only negatively, in the celebrated prohibition against demanding religious tests for officeholders. The authors conclude that this sparse treatment reflected a deep conviction about the proper place of religion within the new society: by no means a hostility to God, but a determination to institute a rigid separation of church and state. The Constitution is indeed godless, and by design.

It is a sad commentary on the present cultural climate that such a historically obvious argument should appear so controversial, and even partisan. In the last two decades, a whole literary subculture has emerged with the intent of demonstrating the "Christian nation" hypothesis, and its works proliferate in evangelical bookstores across the country. Commonly, these books offer a catena of quotations from the Founding Fathers, noting that on given occasions various leaders spoke of God or Christianity, and assuming that these terms were used in a sense not too far removed from contemporary evangelical Protestantism. At its most extreme, this literature proceeds to Christian Reconstructionist conclusions, arguing that the United States should fulfill its "Christian" mission by implementing the stern decrees of Old Testament criminal law. However, even moderate religious conservatives share the assumption that the United States was somehow hijacked by secularists at some moment in its history, in an act that betrayed an original mission or covenant. Leading the nation "back to God" is the agenda that underlies controversies over issues like school prayer, gay rights, and abortion.

For Kramnick and Moore, this widely held belief is a myth, and contributes to a general attitude that they term "religious correctness." Unlike many moral debates, this issue is reconcilable once and for all by scholarship, and the authors have performed the service with devastating effect. They trace the opposition to church establishment through American history, focusing on such figures as Roger Williams, Thomas Jefferson, and the 18th-century Baptists, and describe the constitutional debates over whether a formal nod might be made to the deity in the new frame of government. In this context, they make the point that in 1787, only two of the state constitutions lacked formal recognition of the Christian religion, but these two were Virginia and New York, the homes of Madison, Jefferson, and Hamilton. It was chiefly under their influence that the federal government was born godless, and the other states followed this lead in the following decades. The "Christian America" debate is brought to the present through a history of recurrent controversies over such topics as the appropriateness of Sunday mail delivery and the passage of an explicitly Christian amendment to the Constitution. Whether or not one accepts the basic argument of the authors, the book offers a rich mine of thought-provoking information that should be valuable for any future disputes about the religious and moral underpinnings of this society.

In view of current controversies, perhaps the oddest factor about the secularism of the Constitution is the degree to which it grew from Christian roots, and especially that radical sectarian Protestantism which found its noblest and most cantankerous representatives in the Baptist church. The authors have the great virtue of lifting the veil of retrospective mythology that has surrounded many leading figures in American history. Of Roger Williams, for example, they note that his rigid opposition to the religious establishment had nothing in common with a soggy indifferentism, but rather was a logical extrapolation of Calvinism. Government was a creation not of God but of depraved humanity, and for Williams, "Government existed because God did *not* rule the world."

*The Godless Constitution* is strong on the European, particularly the English, background to the separationist idea, and correctly places the foundation of the United States in a particular historical era when "orthodox" religion was at an absolute low point in terms of its appeal among social and political elites. We can only speculate how much more explicitly Christian or evangelical would

## LIBERAL ARTS

### JAILHOUSE CONSUMERS

"According to the British government's public affairs office, 'inmates of British prisons will soon be able to consult a consumer's guide on the conditions, regimes and facilities they should have and the best jail to which to seek a transfer.'"

—Alberta Report, *May 15, 1995*



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have been a document produced, say, in 1850. In reality, the country "was born at a moment in Western history when emancipatory fervor sought to free individuals from the restraint of both the medieval Christian commonwealth and the medieval mercantilist economy." I would probably go even further than they do in considering the distinct religious environment of the 1770's and 1780's, the decades when liberal and anti-Papal Catholicism reached its apogee in Latin and German nations.

In the Protestant context, the previous century had witnessed a precipitous decline in belief in those aspects of Christian theology which were deemed "mysterious" (a stinging epithet in those years) or which contradicted God-given Reason. This category of obnoxious doctrine expanded steadily from the idea of Hell to such fundamental notions as the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, the Incarnation, and the Resurrection, all of which were increasingly blamed on the machinations of "priestcraft." This was a powerful condemnation for English or American Protestants, accustomed to a ferociously anti-Catholic and anticlerical political tradition. In 1772, for example, a large group of British Anglican clergymen petitioned Parliament to be excused from subscribing to the traditional creeds or articles of faith, on the grounds that orthodoxy for a Protestant should only mean agreement with Scripture as one interpreted it. When supporters were criticized as "sectaries," one Member of Parliament reacted furiously: "Sectaries, Sir! Had it not been for sectaries, this cause had been tried at Rome. I thank God it is tried here." That conjunction of orthodox doctrine with "priestcraft," clericalism, and Papal tyranny was powerfully in the minds of the American leaders, and goes far toward explaining the extreme nervousness about God entering the Constitution, through however narrow a gate. It was specifically to clerical power that Jefferson was referring in his famous declaration of "eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man." How appropriate that one of the greatest of the monuments in the nation's capital should be inscribed with such a starkly anticlerical tirade.

Without such "monkish" and medieval doctrines as the Trinity and the Incarnation, Christianity was an ideal religion for reasonable and enlightened men and women: part of Nature, "as old as the creation," it manifested that same Divine Wisdom that guided all good individuals through history, both before and after the time of the man Jesus, and as present in Persia or China as in London or Philadelphia. There was no Original Sin, and if there were a single unforgivable violation of divine law, it was sectarian intolerance or persecution. This Christianity, based on service to "Nature's God," was expressed as well in the fellowship of freemasonry as in any church, and it is surprising that the present book does not make more reference to the influence of Masonic thought. In the American context, the Founding generation was thoroughly acquainted with these distinctive concepts of God and the Christian religion, and it was in *this* sense that they were so prolific with their references to America's divine plan: a Christianity so rationalist that it would have earned excommunication or death for any adherent in Pilgrim Massachusetts, just as it would cause the dismissal of a professor in a modern Southern Baptist seminary.

In summary, Kramnick and Moore show the importance of sound historical scholarship for contemporary social thought, and their conclusions are unassailable. Future generations might, if they chose, repeal any or all of the clauses barring the establishment of a national religion, but they would be deluding themselves if they believed they were returning to the original intent of the Founding generation.

*Philip Jenkins is a professor of history and religious studies at Penn State University and author, most recently, of* Pedophiles and Priests: Anatomy of a Social Crisis *(Oxford University Press).*

## Spring on a Rural Route

*by John Nixon, Jr.*

Mail order catalogs announce the season.
One in the dusty mouth of each mailbox
Tells the addressee there is now no reason
Why he should not plant radishes and phlox.

Another kind informs those country women
Who aim to scintillate next Easter noon
That they will look "divinely young and slim in
Our dresses—better place your order soon."

Still other catalogs with plain cream covers
Addressed to rustic bachelors all sing
The charms of lonely spinsters—would-be lovers
Whose "fancies turn" once more this hopeful spring.



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# Visions of Disorder

*by Clyde Wilson*

**The Vision of Richard Weaver**
*Edited by Joseph Scotchie*
*New Brunswick: Transaction Publishers;*
*245 pp., $39.95*

**Richard M. Weaver, 1910-1963: A Life of the Mind**
*by Fred Douglas Young*
*Columbia: University of Missouri Press;*
*224 pp., $39.95*

◆

Richard Weaver once wrote that it was difficult to perceive the decline of civilization because one of the characteristics of decline was a dulling of the perception of value, and thus of the capacity to judge the comparative worth of times. Weaver, I think, did not have us common folk in mind, for whom it is not at all hard to see when things are getting worse. When the rich flee to guarded enclaves; when the middle class dissolves into the proletariat; when the distinction between citizen and foreigner is lost; when savage criminals go free; when popular culture is reduced to brutal trivialities with no vestige of Christian civilization—then we know that something is wrong.

Weaver's remarks were addressed rather to the post-World War II intelligentsia who were busy laying out plans for a New World Order. We have grown accustomed to Weaver's accomplishments and have to be reminded of the heroic context in which they were made—how out of step he was with the glorious dawn of global democracy that formed the stuff of public discourse in the 1940's. The intelligentsia, after all, spent World War II safely in the United States, gaining in pay, prestige, and power. They did not see the war as the nadir of Western civilization but as a gloriously elating opportunity.

That many of us are able to perceive the moral reality of our times in our materially obsessed culture is due in no small measure to Richard Weaver, the monkish scholar who died at 53, leaving a legacy of eight slim books, half of them published after his death. The scenario of Western decline that Weaver analyzed in *Ideas Have Consequences* and *Visions of Order* is confirmed by every day's news (both its content and its form). He is now accepted as a prophet and one of our keenest social observers. He has attracted considerable attention (nine Ph.D. dissertations so far) and will attract more. Besides the volumes in hand, there are at least three other scholars preparing works on the North Carolinian philosopher.

Mr. Scotchie's collection, the most valuable contribution to Weaver scholarship so far, should have been published long ago. It gathers 16 previously published (from 1964 to 1992) commentaries on Weaver's individual works, Weaver as rhetor, Weaver as Southerner, and Weaver's legacy. Many of the authors will be familiar to readers of *Chronicles*, including Chilton Williamson, Jr., Allan C. Brownfeld, M.E. Bradford, Marion Montgomery, and Thomas Landess. The many-faceted treatment confirms our sense of Weaver's enduring importance. (How many celebrated and highly rewarded intellectuals of his time are now utterly and justly forgotten! So it ever has been and is.)

Mr. Young has written a thorough and detailed biography from letters and interviews. He has also elaborated on the background to and influences on each of Weaver's works, giving them a context that we previously had only in fragments. The influences are clear—the Southern Agrarians, in particular John Crowe Ransom's "unorthodox defense of orthodoxy," and Donald Davidson's teaching of "language as a covenant." We learn how Weaver felt about the moral ambiguity of war, and how his deep thinking differed from the gibbering Chicago intellectuals with whom he was thrown.

Out of this heritage and a lifetime of hard study, the reclusive scholar fashioned, as Thomas Landess writes, "a splendid vision of order that no crew of sleek upstarts can ever tear down."

*Clyde Wilson is a professor of American history at the University of South Carolina.*

# Swimming Against the Tide

*by William Mills*

**A Fish in the Water**
*by Mario Vargas Llosa*
*New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux;*
*532 pp., $25.00*

◆

Mario Vargas Llosa, the winner of the 1991 T.S. Eliot Award for Creative Writing, has fashioned a

## LIBERAL ARTS

### DOMESTIC SERVICE

According to the London *Weekly Telegraph* last January, John Whitmore, who lives in West Midlands, England, received £23,000 in damages "for the loss of domestic services" after he successfully sued the man who killed his first wife in a drunk-driving accident four years ago. Whitmore believed that his second wife was not equal to his first wife, whose "three-course breakfasts" and other housework he assessed at £23,000.



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provocative symmetry in this memoir. He writes of growing up in Peru and Bolivia, bringing his life up to the point where he leaves for Europe at age 22, all the while alternating chapters that cover his candidacy for president of Peru in 1990. Those chapters of *Bildungsroman* or *Künstlerroman* offer us intimate scenes of family life, albeit sometimes a tortured one, and, concurrently, a slice of Peruvian social and political life, in Arequipa and Lima. Abandoned by his father before he was born, Vargas Llosa grew up among his mother's family, with a grandfather and lots of uncles and aunts. He grew up that way until his father, whom he had been told "was in heaven," showed up when the boy was about 11 or 12.

He attributes his father's rage at his mother's family to a feeling of social inferiority. Even though his father was white and blue eyed, his family had fallen economically to the point where better-off whites, or "*blancos*," thought of the fallen ones as "*cholos*," or halfbreeds of mixed Spanish and Indian blood. In other scenes we read of the children abandoned by servants and reared by his grandfather's family. Such evocations of Peru's parti-colored society find resonance in the chapters about the presidential campaign, in which one of the issues for some voters in regard to Alberto Fujimori—who subsequently won the election—was the fact that he was born of Japanese parents and "had none of his people yet buried in Peru."

Other such resonances occur. For example, Vargas Llosa writes of his Marxist phase, which seems to be an unfortunate rite of passage for many young Latin Americans. The underground Communist Party made its secretive appearance under the name "*Cahuide*," and he, a student at the University of San Carlos, became a sympathizer, attended the requisite secret meetings, and was given the name "Comrade Alberto." He drifted away from the Cahuide, the departure coincident with one of his cellmates falling in bourgeois love with a cellmate whom the author had secret feelings about. Besides giving us a look into the machinations of college-level, Latin Marxism, this section of the narrative familiarizes the reader with some of the political parties in Peru that come to bear on the 1992 election: APRA (American Popular Revolutionary Alliance), UR (Revolutionary Union), the IU (United Left), which was a combine of socialists and communists, and, not incidentally, Sendero Luminoso (Shining Path).

A minor confusion I had was over Vargas's opposition to "mercantilist capitalism," when he seems to be such a champion of free enterprise. My initial response was, "What other kind is there?" In other readings, I discovered the term has a technical meaning for economists. At one point he describes the "daily bread of mercantilism: import licenses, tax exemptions, concessions, monopolies, commissions, that entire discriminatory framework that keep an economy that is under government control functioning." To me, that sounds like what businessmen have to go through when a government attempts to regulate everything, and not particularly the fault of "capitalism"; but at the same time, this description of what businessmen in Peru have to face is uncomfortably suggestive of the contortions American businessmen have to go through at all levels of government.

What will interest *Chronicles* readers especially are parts of Vargas's economic program for Peru. It should be remembered that what started the novelist on his candidacy for president was then-President Alan Garcia's announcement that he was going to nationalize the banks of the country. The subsequent demonstrations led by Vargas stopped that effort in its tracks. He describes the themes of his early speeches in the campaign:

> The way out of poverty does not lie in redistributing the little wealth that exists but in creating more. And in order to do that markets must be opened up, competition and individual initiative encouraged, private property not be fought against but extended to the greatest number, our economy and our psychology taken out of the grip of the state, and the handout mentality that expects everything from the state replaced by a modern outlook that entrusts the responsibility for economic life to civil society and the market.

Later he was to use figures that demonstrated that if all the assets of the hundred biggest corporations in Peru were divided up, each citizen would get $56.

In another place Vargas observes that the economic policies that do work are:

> the ones which, since they take into account an inevitable inequality between those who produce more and those who produce less, lack the intellectual and ethical fascination that has always surrounded socialism, and have been condemned because they encourage the profit motive. But egalitarian-oriented economies based on solidarity have never raised a country out of poverty; they have impoverished it even further. And they have frequently limited freedoms or caused them to disappear altogether, since egalitarianism requires strict planning, which starts out by being economic and gradually spreads to the rest of life.

While for many of us the recounting of recent Peruvian political history is fascinating enough, for others the story reminds us of the peril we ourselves face at this time in American history. Once in place, statism—the policy of concentrating economic and political controls in the state at the cost of individual liberty—is immensely difficult to dislodge, short of revolution or a tedious suicide.

*William Mills is a novelist and poet whose latest work of fiction is* Properties of Blood *(University of Arkansas Press).*

# Shakespeare, A Closet Catholic?

***by Michael D. Aeschliman***

**The Shakespeares and "The Old Faith"**
*by John Henry de Groot*
*Fraser, Michigan: American Council on Economics and Society;*
*276 pp., $16.95*

◆

For the ongoing revolution against traditional authority it is often difficult to know whom to blame the most, but certainly the academic community's skepticism, suspicion, and mockery of traditional values is one cause. Deconstructionist scholarship, ideologically "correct" teaching, and the habit of glib



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irony and irreverence run at flood tide on our campuses. Within the literary canon, writers such as Spenser, Milton, Johnson, Walter Scott, and Tennyson have either disappeared into the hands of specialists or are mined and exploited for bizarre qualities or views.

The single remaining literary exception to this discarding, revision, and reinterpretation of texts is the work of Shakespeare, whose piety and traditionalism somehow retain a unique, and uniquely moral, force. Of the villains in *King Lear*, for instance, Alfred Harbage said that "even that curious product of our times, the liberalism-gone-to-seed which automatically defends anything from treachery to sadism providing it savors of non-conformity, has found little to say for these insatiable" figures. Shakespearean drama remains a perennial morality play that reaffirms the Natural Law to tens of thousands of readers and spectators each year, despite radical teachers, directors, and "gay" actors. It was a supreme imaginative stroke of genius for Aldous Huxley to use the writings of Shakespeare as the last evidence of spirituality in his "brave new world." Yet our current immoralism was already evident in Shakespeare's day: it can be seen in Machiavelli and Marlowe. How did Shakespeare transcend and critique it then?

That Shakespeare was an Aristotelian and a Natural Law thinker and dramatist has been argued by many scholars. But it is the contention of John Henry de Groot's *The Shakespeares and "The Old Faith"*—first published in 1946 and now available again, with a new postscript by Stanley L. Jaki—that Shakespeare's particular loyalty, spiritual and moral, was to Catholicism. The argument is compelling for a number of reasons: De Groot was not a Catholic, but a learned Presbyterian minister; his book was a dissertation based on exhaustive research and done under the distinguished Shakespearean O.J. Campbell at Columbia; and his summary and analysis are painstakingly careful and definitive.

It is Stanley Jaki's contention that, despite its initially favorable reviews in 1946, De Groot's book has not gotten the attention it deserves because its argument about the "recusant" Catholicism of the Shakespeare family is distasteful or troubling to prevailing scholarly tastes. From Santayana to Walter Kaufmann to "modernized" productions of the plays, it has long been fashionable to portray Shakespeare as an "existentialist," preparing the way for the modern, liberated self.

To be sure, there have been exceptions to this view of Shakespeare. The perception of Shakespeare as an orthodox Christian writer has been argued for many years by Professor Roy W. Battenhouse of Indiana University, most recently in his anthology of criticism, *Shakespeare's Christian Dimension* (1993). Yet the importance of Catholicism in the life of John Shakespeare and in the life, family, and writing of his son William have been given most judicious treatment by De Groot in this outstanding book. Among other points that De Groot argues convincingly are that John Shakespeare "was a Catholic throughout his life and that his household was infused with the spirit of the Old Faith"; that in school in Stratford, William studied under Simon Hunt, who eventually became "a Catholic, then a Douay Seminary student [in France], and finally a Jesuit"; and that John Shakespeare's "Last Will and Testament" is authentic and is modeled on that of the famous Milanese Cardinal, saint, and Counter-Reformation polemicist Carlo Borromeo, something mainline Shakespeare scholarship (as in Stanley Wells's *Shakespeare: An Illustrated Dictionary*), has conceded, though usually without crediting the pioneering research of Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., and De Groot.

Specifically, De Groot shows how Shakespeare's poems and plays reflect his religious assumptions, views, and loyalties. Though he is by no means alone in documenting "positive indications of esteem for the old faith" in the Shakespearean corpus, his account is unusually thorough and persuasive. Shakespeare lived at a time when it was illegal and dangerous to adhere to the Roman Church, when many suffered harsh penalties or death for doing so. De Groot's view is that Shakespeare covertly kept alive his loyalty to "the Old Faith" while outwardly conforming to the state church of Elizabeth and James. (We also know that Shakespeare's sister and elder daughter were both cited as recusant Catholics.)

The nonspecialist may wonder if and why any of this matters or has contemporary relevance. It does because Shakespeare's work is the classic example of how traditional literature can conserve, "realize," and transmit values and beliefs which philosophers and teachers may have "lost the art to verify," in John Coulson's phrase. Today, a variety of influences have combined to erode the credibility not only of religious doctrine but of moral behavior itself. Shakespeare's dogged if covert loyalty to "the Old Faith" in combination with his loyalty to its Natural Law morality makes his genius an enduring source of "decent Godly order" in an age in which the faith is again embattled.

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# Jungle Excursions

*by Gregory McNamee*

**Green Cathedrals**
*by Brian Alexander*
*New York: Lyons & Burford; 224 pp., $22.95*

◆

Certain frontline soldiers in Vietnam, Michael Herr has written, went off to battle in the jungle whistling the themes to the television shows *Combat* and *The Mickey Mouse Club*, making Vietnam the first television war in more ways than one.

Brian Alexander, a journalist, carries a different television talisman into the jungle in *Green Cathedrals*, one of the first books in the genre of so-called literary travel to skirt literature entirely. His inspiration for traveling to seven of the world's rain forests—all but one in the tropics—was, he writes, the old *Tarzan* serial, its half-hour episodes full of rushing rivers and crocodiles agape, of savage natives and scantily dressed jungle goddesses. None of the usual bookish precedents for adventure travel—Kipling, Masters, London, Hilary—figure in his pages, which bear the stamp of their electronic origins, all short attention span and superficiality, but with bursts of intelligence and interest nonetheless.

Alexander makes no grand claims for the program of travel that underlies *Green Cathedrals*. Inspired by Ron Ely's onscreen antics though he may have



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been, Alexander apparently felt the need, as a travel writer, to add the tropics to his résumé. "I felt I could never win the game," he offers in a sole literary allusion, "if I did not, at some point, move my token into a jungle square and follow Joseph Conrad into the Heart of Darkness, where life would be reduced to its essentials, written in sharp contrasts." Just why Alexander undertook his travels to the rain forest we are never sure, apart from the homage to *Tarzan*. Careening about in places like Malaysia and the Amazon, Panama, and the Tongass of Alaska, he offers sketches of faraway, exotic destinations, never linking one place to the next except to point out the obvious: big trees grow in rain forests, and big trees are falling as the world develops.

These sketches are modest in every way. They are also honest, without the usual posturing and chest-beating. When Alexander is uncomfortable, he says so. When the locals displease him, he says so as well, and without the studied sneer of Paul Theroux. When he eats something unpalatable—like the durian fruit of Malaysia, "with its onion-like flavor and athletic-supporter aroma"—he confesses to wanting to wretch.

## LIBERAL ARTS

### STRANGE WAYS

According to the January 31/February 6 issue of the London *Weekly Telegraph*, the British Home Office has decided to award £35,000 to seven inmates at the Strangeways prison who suffered high levels of stress while participating in a prison riot in 1990. The prisoners won the lawsuit by claiming "that their personalities changed because of the Strangeways riot." One of the prisoners, Terence Jeggo, complained that he had changed from "a happy-go-lucky person to a time bomb about to go off."

He takes no foolish risks for the sake of a mere paragraph; résumé-building goes only so far.

Grown out of magazine articles, the writing seems hurried and pinched as if by deadlines and considerations of space, full of ellipses and sometimes maddening reductions. Describing a forest sanctuary called Taman Negara, meaning "national park" in Malay, for instance, Alexander observes, "It was preserved on the cusp of World War II. Then Britain was asked, politely, of course, since that's the way Malaysians do everything, to go home." This is perfect travel-magazine formula, jocular and pleasantly informative. It is also wrong, brushing aside a war in which thousands of Malays and British soldiers alike died, few of them politely. In Alexander's hands, again following formula, the people who wander among Taman Negara's tall trees, the Orang Asli, are extras on a set; about them we learn little more than that "they are roughly equivalent to animists"—whatever that means—and that Alexander finds it amusing that they should throw away their cassette recorders when the batteries die, thinking the machines themselves done for.

Alexander is better when he takes on the pieties of the rain forests' would-be champions, "conservationists reminiscent of weeping religious seers," whose efforts to make the rain forests part of the heritage of all humankind too often displace the people who live and work there. When he describes the jealousies and intrigues that are played out among the multi-acronymed agencies scrambling to stake out their bit of tropical turf, he produces some wonderful writing. There are few better send-ups in the literature than his skewering of the "eco-warriors and social development gurus who had met in Bolivia or Ecuador or Peru, people who travelled the Third World, freelancing for NGOs [nongovernmental organizations], carting their Jackson Browne song collections from one tiny town to another, living in rented houses all complete with computers and maps and a local girlfriend and maid service, places where First World cash made them the biggest man in town."

His account of the Guatemalan rain forest, which now lies at the center of world attention, is a case in point. Alexander writes accurately and affectingly of an old *chiclero*, don Lanzas, a collection of chicle from gum trees; his account of don Lanzas's hard life, spent in murderous circumstances and now-changing times with "thirty-two separate organizations in the Petén all trying to help," and all getting in the way, is sympathetic and seemly. Alexander is also strong in his reportage from the little island nation of Dominica, which has been wrestling with the hard questions of how to convert its economy from the traditional extractive industries to ecotourism while averting the perhaps inevitable flood of Club Med types, travelers who enjoy cheap holidays in other people's misery. Foreign agencies, Alexander writes, have again been unhelpful—notably our own USAID, which has lately been pouring money into restoring an old Rose's Lime Juice factory for the Dominican tourist itinerary. As Alexander suggests, such intervention can lead only to jungly places becoming "Heart of Darkness with Hollywood cachet and amenities."

But these high points, fine and well-meaning as they are, do not save *Green Cathedrals*, which seems at root an aimless, unfocused book. As often as he gets things right, Alexander misses or brushes aside the real stories gleaned from his wanderings. Intertribal conflicts among, say, traditional Alaskan Natives and their "progressive" kin, who agitate for mines to open in their stretch of old-growth rain forest so that development dollars can roll in, are left unexplored, although the outcomes of such conflicts will determine the fate of huge swaths of forest the world over. Alexander does not tell us that the planet's rain forests are being ripped apart for Copenhagen furniture and Japanese stockpiles, for the supposed drugs—including a bark tea from one of Dominica's thousand-odd species of vascular plants that makes LSD pale by comparison—and sexual stimulants and other wondrous stuff they contain. Neither does he tell us that those rain forests are being ripped apart because the people who live in them are poor and hungry, ready to sell their birthright for a moment's respite from the troubles of this world.

In such matters lie the real story of the modern Heart of Darkness. We will have to wait for another, more purposeful book to get at it.

*Gregory McNamee's most recent books are* The Sierra Club Desert Reader *(Sierra Club Books) and, with Art Wolfe,* In the Presence of Wolves *(Crown Publishers).*



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# Letter From England

*by Derrick Turner*

## Television's Taste Terrorists

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British television, like television almost everywhere, is dominated by left-wingers masquerading as liberals. As a consequence, British television often denigrates those traditions and institutions held in most affection by the indigenous inhabitants of this country. In the interstices, it finds time to celebrate and promote everything that is not British, or at any rate not integrally British, such as "documentaries" vindicating various bad things. To take two particularly bad examples, there was a famously biased BBC program called *Death on the Rock*, which criticized British security forces for defending themselves against IRA terrorists, and thereby earned the BBC the undying disrespect of all Unionists. In a part-mawkish, part-splenetic program called *Justice for Joy*, leftists attacked Britain's already overgentle deportation procedures and hinted that there should be no immigration controls, by using Joy Gardiner—a Jamaican who outstayed her visa by eight years, ignored three requests to leave the country, and then died inopportunely while she was biting a policemen—as an exemplar of saintlike womanhood, and as a symbol of outraged "human dignity" and inalienable immigrant "rights."

Although there are many worthy television programs, too much broadcasting time is taken up by films legitimizing violence or sexual perversion, by chat and game shows, deliberately multicultural children's programs, social-realist soap operas gritty with typical working-class lesbian intellectuals with mathematics degrees, confessional and sermonizing programs of different kinds, trashy comedies, emotive depictions and impertinent examinations of what should be private, doctored news bulletins and excitable talking heads who jump to conclusions and would like to involve Britain in every war, every movement of refugees, every famine, every plague, every earthquake, every human rights abuse, every political or religious controversy in the world. I am sure this description will sound familiar to civilized Americans.

These tendencies are especially noticeable on Channel 4, one of Britain's independent channels. Some examples of recent programs give the general flavor—*Dyke* TV, for the gratification of militant lesbians (the programmer concerned is herself one of the sorority); *Drugs R Us*; *Hookers, Hustlers, Pimps and Their Johns*; *Dusky Sapphos*; *Silent Porn*. Although Channel 4 *was* set up to cater to minority tastes, and although they also show many fine programs and avant-garde films that would not be shown elsewhere, Channel 4's programmers seem overly concerned with those seamy and sordid things that should either not be discussed at all, or only with great care.

This process has been going on since Channel 4's inception. Its previous program director was once editrix of the left-wing newspaper, the *Guardian*. She is now managing director of BBC Radio, which shows that "Auntie" is not far behind. To take just one example, BBC 2 television has just begun *~aytime TV*, which, editor Neil Crombie promises, will "be so glamorous and exciting that straight people will love it too." The BBC has always been regarded as "Red," and it seems to be still true (although the BBC is always outraged whenever anybody points it out). But some enthusiasts do not think the BBC is left-wing enough; the ghastly Janet Street-Porter, former director of youth programming at the BBC, recently said that television executives were all "male, middle-class and mediocre," and asked why "those with 'willies'" predominated in the industry.

All in all, conservatives should not, and most do not, expect much from the television screen. But a recent episode of *The Word*, a "yoof" program on Channel 4, must have surprised even many blasé right-wingers. *The Word* (possibly inadvertently) fosters everything that tends toward social dissolution. It glorifies minority aspirations (at any rate, the ones which conflict with majority aspirations), even to the extent of deliberately hiring presenters with strong regional accents or unusual tastes. One presenter was a bald lesbian from Newcastle with a strong Geordie accent. The less standard or middle English, the better, so far as *The Word* is concerned.

Previous episodes of *The Word* have featured a performer named "Mr. Powertool," who pulls people across the room by means of a rope attached to his genitalia, and "Santa Claus" vomiting over a child. Encouraged by the ratings occasioned by "Mr. Powertool" and Co., *The Word*'s writers decided to introduce an even better viewer attraction. Although the program's audience is a generally "right-on" group, this did not protect them from the contempt of the producers who deliberately released the contents of a colostomy bag all over them while they were laughing.

This occasioned much hostile press coverage, even from normally bland newspapers like the *Times*, none of which, however, had any effect on Michael Grade, the chief executive of Channel 4. "I am in no way answerable to the public," he said when challenged. He feels only contempt for the Broadcasting Standards Council, whom he has described as "highly unrepresentative, middle-aged, middle-class busybody do-gooders"—a description reminiscent of Street-Porter and which might, with equal justice, be applied to Grade himself (except, of course, that he is instinctively lower-class). Only the *Guardian* stood up for Grade and Channel 4, and said that it didn't matter if older people were offended, as they were not one of the minorities being catered for. Only certain groups deserve consideration, after all, and society at large deserves none whatever.

What next for television's schlock- and sleaze-merchants? Every descent into baseness must be succeeded by another, even lower descent in order for momentum to be maintained. After condoms, vomit, and bags of excrement have fully penetrated popular culture, we are almost inevitably bound for guts. We already have horror films full of gore, and programs showing hospital operations; we are really getting too close to the "snuff movie." In a world where truth has been inverted, where evil has become good, where male has become fe-



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male and female male, where the beautiful has been deliberately uglified, where perversion is presented as normality, where there is no respect for anything but the disreputable, where the estimable is no longer esteemed, where values are relative and not worth anything in themselves in any case, what more logical next step than that life and death become conflated and so lose their meaning?

The television taste terrorists who are always trampling at the outermost limits of the tolerable will never stop until they come up against some ultimate taboo, some innermost steeliness against which they will shatter themselves into a million opaque fragments. What would John Logie Baird have thought, if he had foreseen in 1936 the brown-foamed flood of dross bearing down on Britain? If he had known what was coming, would he not have pulled the plug out, and smashed the first fitfully flickering apparatus?

*Derrick Turner writes from London and is the editor of* Right Now!

# Letter From Boston

*by Eugene Narrett*

## Latin Quotas

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The fall of 1995 may be remembered as the time when the miscast and overheated melting pot cracked and spat its singed ingredients all over us. O.J. Simpson was freed, Mark Fuhrman convicted, and Louis Farrakhan lectured us "on the idea that undergirds the Western world, white supremacy." But while O.J. walked, Colin Powell posed, and Louis the Charmer indicted white folks for "poisoning religion," a less spectacular event in Boston exposed the quotidian bias and official lies through which the state now enforces its power.

Late in 1994, then 16-year-old Julia McLaughlin took the admission tests for Boston Latin, the city's most prestigious high school. Julia did quite well, placing in the third quartile in her attempt to win one of the 432 spots in the school's class of '99. But, alas, Julia is white and had to step aside while Boston Latin filled its quota of 35 percent "minority" (black and Hispanic) students. One hundred and three of them who scored lower than Julia were admitted while she was turned away.

Such events have been a familiar feature of the last 20 years. Usually they disappear without a trace. But in this case there was a difference: Julia McLaughlin's father, Michael, was an attorney with Lane, Altman & Owens. When he filed a discrimination suit against the city, veins started to bulge in the elite's public face.

First up to the plate was the mayor, Tom Menino, who has blamed violence in Roxbury, Boston's blackest section, on racism. Menino is adroit at pitching to the p.c. majorettes at the *Boston Globe*, the nation's most militant enforcer of quota-state pieties. True to form, he tried to sweep the Boston Latin case under the carpet, offering to find an alternate place for Julia if McLaughlin *père* would drop the suit. For reasons which remain obscure, the compromise broke down, and everything was out in the open.

It's an especially messy case for the liberal establishment because it confounds the usual categories of victims and villains. Julia is female, which puts her in the right, but she's white, which is wrong. Worse still, her father, a white man and thus doubly bad, was challenging the quota plan that in 1976 had imposed busing on Boston after several years of bitter racial struggle. That, of course, was very good in the liberal catechism, even though it led to the depopulation and decay of many neighborhoods and the wrecking of most Boston schools. (Indeed, four years ago a large group of black parents petitioned the city to end busing.)

As usual, a p.c. rationale was offered by a *Globe* columnist who speculated that McLaughlin's problem was bias against girls. It turns out that in order to assist minority youths, Boston Latin weights math scores on admission tests a tad more than verbal, at which most girls do marginally better. Therefore, said the *Globe*, we should not abolish but adjust the quotas to favor girls. To the chagrin of feminists, this theory was shot down by the legal counsel for Boston's public schools, who admitted that "math scores would not have affected McLaughlin's chances. The focus for this case," he said, "is race-conscious assignment." In English, that means quotas.

Not to be deterred, another *Globe* stalwart suggested choosing students via a racially based "group lottery." Mercifully, no details were offered to indicate how such a plan would both avoid and retain quotas. Perhaps group lotteries will become part of Mr. Clinton's plan to "mend, not end affirmative action."

In the meantime, U.S. First District Judge Arthur Garrity, who handed down the busing and quota plans 20 years ago and then actively administered the schools until 1990, was appointed to hear McLaughlin's suit. He astonished all parties by declaring, incorrectly, that his ruling did not mandate a fixed number of minority students, but only that Boston's schools "not be resegregated." That, of course, was precisely what happened in the aftermath of his busing command, which condemned the city to the nightmare of "controlled choice," in which families and students, competent and otherwise, scramble for places in the handful of decent schools, all of them ruled by Garrity's 35 percent quota. Every spring, Boston's families play a bizarre game of musical chairs as students turned away by quota limits dash for the next best opening. Meanwhile, having demonstrated his moral superiority, Garrity relaxes in the leafy tranquillity of suburban Weston, the wealthiest community in the state.

But stammering in city hall and apologetics in the press were only the initial reactions to Michael McLaughlin's effort to get justice for his daughter. A preliminary hearing last September 10 turned into a love feast between Garrity, liberal media, and activists who turned out to hear him praise Michael Alves and Charles Willie, the "marvelous masters" who had administered his quota plan. He acknowledged that "students of all races had suffered denial of preference" but nevertheless asserted that "the consequences of controlled choice have been excellent." Still more astonishing was Garrity's claim that "the School Department has more power in these matters than a federal court." "These remarks," a reporter deadpanned, "came as a surprise to parents and School Committee officials who fought him for more than a decade."

But for all his self-serving revisions of history, Garrity didn't entirely forget the



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business at hand. He denied McLaughlin's motion to let Julia attend Latin High on an interim basis while the suit proceeds. "The harm to the plaintiff," he declared grandly, "is less educational than psychological. A 12-year-old can bounce back. If she is successful, some day she can return in triumph." Perhaps at a 10th or 25th class reunion. No one explained why, if the benefits of Latin are mainly "psychological," so many students insist on attending. And if it is so important for blacks and Hispanics to attend Latin High that quotas must wedge their entry, why is it inconsequential for the Julia McLaughlins of the world? Addressing such questions has been beyond the court's grasp since equal outcomes became its shibboleth.

Ten days later, in late September, as a kind of exclamation point, Michael McLaughlin was dismissed from Lane, Altman & Owens. The firm wrote out a dismissal agreement that McLaughlin was required to read to the media: it said he was let go for refusing to spin off the case to another attorney. Before he vanished from the papers, McLaughlin told me the situation had been "a typical case of p.c.," and, in fact, senior partner Donald Bloch had already let the truth slip out. One day before the official notice was read, Bloch was quoted as saying, "many partners were concerned that he [McLaughlin] was challenging affirmative action."

Are things really so sensitive? They are when blacks are involved, and at Lane, Altman & Owens, high-profile blacks had become very much involved. On July 1, 1995, the firm, previously known as Lane, Altman, merged with that of Henry Owens, a well-known civil rights attorney and former chapter president of the Boston NAACP. Owens, with his new firm for all of seven weeks, reportedly was irate that McLaughlin had challenged the Garrity plan.

"He told me that my suit was a matter he would not tolerate," McLaughlin told reporters. "Henry was upset that Michael was involved in an affirmative action matter," Bloch acknowledged. "He felt that if a member of the firm was involved in a case like that, it would be unethical for him to comment on or litigate" affirmative action cases. "We felt betrayed by Michael," added senior partner Robert Rosen. McLaughlin had to go. No one asked if *he* felt betrayed.

Since then the suit has disappeared from the media. While Judge Garrity studies the depositions and the backstage horsetrading grinds on, Julia McLaughlin attends Boston Academy. The School Committee has meanwhile admitted that absent the quota, Boston Latin High School would be 88 percent white and Asian and 12 percent black and Hispanic. But, so what? After all, it's only a psychological inconvenience.

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# Letter From Sturgis

*by D.K. Brainard*

## The Last Pioneers

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We stopped for gas and food in Chamberlain, perched on a bluff above the grand Missouri River. A clear late summer Thursday evening in South Dakota, and we were halfway to the Black Hills, where on Saturday the 55th annual Sturgis Rally and Races—one of the world's largest congregations of Harley Davidson aficionados—would kick off.

Having spent, more or less by accident, the first two months of the summer working in sleepy Sioux Falls, I had jumped at the chance to accompany a coworker and his girlfriend on a long weekend of camping and voyeurism in the old West. And now, as Mike and Jill refueled on coney dogs and root beer at the hilltop A & W, I was sitting on a peeling wooden slat fence, watching the sun expire behind the bluffs on the western bank of the river and listening to the roar of Harley engines washing up from the exit ramp 100 feet below.

I was thinking that when Americans travel these days they prefer the jetliner or the recreational vehicle, hermetically sealed machines in which one can voyage from coast to coast without ever having to expose oneself to the elements save on those long walks to the shuttle bus or through the McDonald's parking lot. A perfect yellow half moon was riding low over my left shoulder, and on the sway-backed bridge below, a succession of disembodied red taillights dimmed and were swallowed up by the black mass of hillside on the western shore; I found myself humming the lines from an old Willie Nelson song: "Cowboys are special / With their own brand of misery / From being alone too long."

Saturday morning finds me still in the backseat of Jill's Toyota, seat belt fastened, as we roll through Hill City, where squat brick buildings with wooden verandas and facades painted green, red, yellow, crowd together along the main street. To the Easterner it looks like the set of a cowboy movie, only where the horses should be tied outside the local saloon, some two dozen Harleys push up against the wooden sidewalk. The anticipation builds as we roll on, skirting Rapid City, and majestic silver-white thunderheads 1,000 feet high roll across the sky from the southeast.

A ten-minute crawl through two-wheeled traffic—this year's rally was expected to draw more than 300,000 people in nine days—takes us from the off-ramp to within three blocks of Main and Junction. We find a place to park and promptly lock the keys inside Jill's Toyota, a blunder from which, to believe the pre-trip hype—and the T-shirt stretched across an extremely broad back which informs us that "Friends Don't Let Friends Ride Jap Bikes"—we should be lucky to escape alive. But the biker gal behind us promptly offers us the use of her AAA insurance.

Our car troubles sorted out, we thank our tattooed benefactress and walk down Junction past bars, a makeshift tattoo salon, and stalls hawking leather gear, helmets, and commemorative T-shirts to Main Street, where hundreds of bikes back up to the sidewalks and hundreds more rumble slowly up and down the street. The scope of personal philosophies emblazoned on T-shirts is as impressive as the number of Stars and Stripes flying from rear fenders, covering everything from politics ("Gun Control Means Hitting Your Target") to pets (I Love Cats: They Taste Just Like Chicken") to parenthood (on a tike-sized T-shirt, "I'm Here Because Mommy Missed Her Cycle").

The mid-afternoon heat reaches 100 degrees, but despite our hunger we pass up the open-air food vendors on Main Street, holding out for a cool bar with biker-sized burgers. Lured by some Texas blues spilling into the street from a loud-



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speaker mounted above the door, we tumble into the Fireside Lounge, a brick building with black-tinted windows and neon beer signs.

The Fireside offers no food, but it looks as good a place as any to regroup, so we order beers and—discreetly—survey the clientele. One hundred and fifty bikers, of all types: yuppie bikers with neatly trimmed salt-and-pepper beards and graying, well-coiffed hair; young wannabes whose profusion of leather and denim fails to hide their smooth skin; and the real McCoys, burly older men in gut-length beards, their arms and mostly bare chests covered with tattoos, faces furrowed by the sun and wind. Ride to Live/Live to Ride—all drinking more or less amiably elbow to elbow.

Spilling out of the dark cool of the Fireside into the heat of Main Street, the eye is blinded by sunlight splintering off 1,000 pieces of chrome. The thunder of pure, high-octane horsepower crosses the babble of the crowd roiling between the parked bikes and shop windows. The smell of exhaust and superheated rubber mixes with the aromas of Italian sausage, frying onions, and Indian tacos, and it hits me that I have, indeed, stumbled upon some latter-day Mecca of Americana, a divine *mélange* of the sacred and the profane worth 10,000 Contracts With America.

After a fine Cajun chicken dished up by a black family from Portland, Oregon, we head for the Broken Spoke Saloon, an open-air, converted lumberyard where several hundred bikers drink at wobbly picnic tables, watch the two or three obese couples stumbling lovingly across the wooden dance floor, and stare admiringly at the vintage Harleys and Indians ranged beneath the timbered ceiling.

Walking down the street I am surprised to find that, in a segment of the populace widely feared and reviled by mainstream America, Jesus is a pretty *en vogue* fellow. "His Pain, Your Gain," screams one T-shirt adorned by heavy metal graphics depicting a skeletal, spike-pierced hand dripping great red drops of blood. Another reminds us that "By His Stripes We Are Healed." And, just a block from the corner of Main and Junction, a painted iron sign designed to look like a historical marker proclaims, "Jesus Was A Biker," explaining how Jesus was considered a threat and persecuted by the government, "just like you," and how He was cast out by society as a freak, "just like you."

At the Broken Spoke the ambiance is almost familial; tables full of middle-aged couples sit chatting as the band plays blues and countrified Southern rock. Take away the biker gear and the place looks more like the Fourth of July picnic than a gathering of anarchist freaks. Some 100 couples tie the knot here each year, attired in their finest leather and tattoos.

After the Broken Spoke the night fades into a friendly blur. I share tables with guys who would inspire bladder-control problems in any other setting. We talk about bikes, about places to see in the Black Hills, about where we hail from. In fact, the conversation is unfailingly congenial until I make the mistake of asking a 40-ish couple what they do for the rest of the year. "We're independently wealthy," the husband says pointedly—end of conversation. For the rest of the night I let Sturgis be Sturgis.

Our Saturday night zeal considerably dampened the next morning, we spent Sunday driving through the hills in search of more local color. But the genuineness of the previous day weighed heavily on my impressions of the trumped up, tourist-trap kitsch that plagues the highways of the West. The bastard offspring of Captain John Smith's promotional tracts—the fantastic accounts of colonial America as an earthly paradise which lured the first settlers to the New World—hand-painted billboards strung out across the land in the style of the old Burma Shave placards attempt to sucker the unwary tourist into any number of dubious propositions. We managed to avoid "Trout Haven—You Catch/We Fry; 1-1/2 Million Caught," but stumbled accidentally across Black Hills Holy Land (Life of Christ). A three-acre lot off the highway between Custer and Rapid City, Holy Land consists of a barnlike church/museum nestled next to Noah's Gift Shop; from the road its most notable feature, save the utter absence of visitors, is a larger-than-life horned buffalo lawn ornament, whose biblical significance continues to escape me.

As evening fell soft and blue on top of another scorching day, we turned unwillingly back toward the flatlands and the long, featureless drive to Sioux Falls. Detouring slightly for the touristic equivalent of a drive-by on Mt. Rushmore, we were surprised by a traffic jam: on a rock face pressed hard against the road, two baby mountain goats clambered awkwardly as a dozen grizzled bikers pulled over to snap photographs.

The scene left us unprepared for what happened next. Five miles out of Keystone on a curving, divided four-lane, a biker in a loose pack of ten lost control and slid into the gravel-strewn median. He laid his bike down in a shower of sparks, flipped over the handlebars like a 230-pound rag doll, and bounced twice, narrowly missing our front quarterpanel before coming to a stop on the oncoming shoulder.

One leg was crushed, and a pool of blood was forming around the man's head. Mike and I set up flares while several bikers tried to keep the man from moving, but there was really nothing to do but pray; it would take three-quarters of an hour for the ambulance to arrive from Rapid City.

Back on the road I could not shake the sight of this large man, Minnesota John, whimpering on the pavement. At Rally Headquarters in Sturgis, we had visited a booth agitating for helmet law freedom (South Dakota is one of several states without a mandatory helmet law). Faced with the gory reality of a motorcycle crash, the refusal to wear a helmet seemed ridiculous—the more so the next morning, when Monday's paper announced that three bikers had died in crashes in just the first weekend of the rally.

All we could do for Minnesota John was pray that he would live to ride again. And still, I cannot help but agree with Charles Olson: "O kill kill kill kill kill / those who would legislate you out." For to all those who stay behind, preferring the comforts of home to the hazards of the road, the pilgrims, pioneers, and gold rushers of this land must always be written off as crazies. Yet it's this craziness which is quintessentially American—the freedom to take stupid risks and to strike out alone in the night for unknown territory, knowing that the risk of sudden death is at least as great as the chance for fame or riches. That this sentiment strikes us as odd today is a sign of just how far we have fallen.

*D.K. Brainard lives in Cincinnati, Ohio.*



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# Letter From Ann Arbor

*by John Attarian*

## Libraries of Propaganda

◆

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to say that upon first glance at the books in a library "one gets a notion very speedily of the [reader's] tastes and the range of his pursuits." One can only imagine what Holmes would have thought about our "range of pursuits" had he visited the University of Michigan's Harlan Hatcher Graduate Library, which I use heavily as a visiting scholar, last October during Gay History Month.

On the walls of the foyer behind the Grad Library's main entrance are several large (roughly 4.5′ x 5′) display cases, normally used for showcasing art or rare books or to educate patrons in proper care for books by displaying varieties of book damage (vandalism, food and drink spills, insect pest damage, broken spines from mishandling, etc.). Throughout October, however, most were propagandizing for homosexuality.

The second one on the left wall contained a rainbow flag (horizontal orange, red, yellow stripes) on loan from Common Language Bookstore, a local gay-lesbian bookstore, with a large "Gay History Month" sign, plus two books on gay-lesbian role models, *The Gay 100* and *Uncommon Heroes*.

The next case addressed homosexual literary figures: black lesbian feminist Audre Lorde; Pier Paolo Pasolini; and Yukio Mishima, a Japanese homosexual who received a feminizing upbringing from a smothering mother, rebelled against it, and ended up committing *seppuku* in 1970 after giving a fiery ten-minute speech to an unappreciative audience of Japanese servicemen at the Ichigaya military headquarters. Oddly enough, they missed the biggest pervert of all: the bisexual, sodomy-obsessed Marquis de Sade, of *Justine, Juliette*, and *The 120 Days of Sodom* fame and godfather of modernity. But perhaps not so oddly. Sade makes a pretty unconvincing martyr, and as I know from a conversation with Catharine Mackinnon a few years back, he's none too popular among antipornography feminists.

Moving on to music, the next display case showed the ballet dancers Rudolf Nureyev, Diaghilev, and Nijinsky; composers Tchaikovsky, Benjamin Britten, and Leonard Bernstein. The mathematics display on the rear wall featured computer pioneer Alan Turing, who headed the British team of mathematicians at Bletchley that broke the German "Enigma" machine cipher during World War II. On the right wall, the Pop Culture, Sports and Politics display showed Greg Louganis and Harvey Milk.

Best of all was the Michigan case, on the right wall, between the right stairway to the second floor and the entrance to the circulation desk, making it almost impossible to avoid seeing if you were heading upstairs or going to charge out books or request a book search or recall. Here were portraits, biographical information, and so on for the university's directors of its Lesbian Gay Bisexual Programs Office (LGBPO), part of the Division of Student Affairs. But the chief attraction in this last display case, and my favorite, was a banner packed with leftist and gay political buttons. Clinton-Gore buttons, portraits of Martin Luther King; "Housing is a right not a privilege"; "Pro-choice is pro-life yours and mine"; "Silence = Death"; "Born Again Pagan"; "U.S. out of my uterus"; "No little Dutch boy is going to plug this dyke"; "If you're a pro-lifer, then adopt an interracial mongoloid or shut the f---up!" and much else.

In all my years as a student (1976-1984) and employee (1985-1990) of the university, I never saw anything like this. Fortunately, it's history; when I stopped by the next day to return some books and photocopy the following data from this year's university budget, the homosexual display cases had been cleaned out, except for the music exhibit. Perhaps someone on the library staff has a crush on Nureyev.

The Gay History Month display was arranged jointly by the Bisexual, Gay and Lesbian Library Association (BGALLA) and the University Library Exhibits Committee. The unavoidable conclusion is that promoting homosexualism is the official policy of the University of Michigan, a public, taxpayer-supported institution. "U.S. out of my uterus"—my tax dollars at work.

They're at work promoting homosexualism at the university in other ways, too, through the good offices of the Les-


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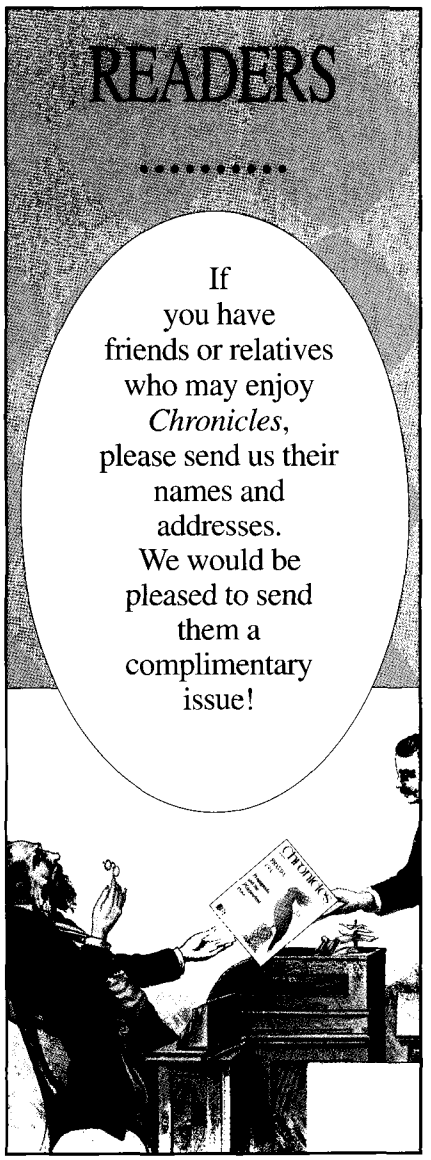
bian Gay Bisexual Programs Office. Located in the Michigan Union, LGBPO provides educational programming and events, information and referral services, support groups, a resource library, a speaker's bureau (one doubts, somehow, that speakers not openly homosexualist would be scheduled), mentorship for new students, faculty and staff, etc. The "resources" it furnishes include *OUTspoken*, a locally published gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgender monthly newspaper. I picked up a copy of the November issue from a literature rack in the Division of Student Affairs front office. It denounces the "radical Christian right-wing" and "arch-homophobe Senator Jesse Helms" and deplores the banning of *Heather Has Two Mommies* in schools. A feature article purports to explode "the Christian nation fallacy." There are also lesbian comics, a calendar of events, and so on. LGBPO's booklet of area resources for lesbians, gays, and bisexuals, available on the same rack as *OUTspoken*, mendaciously claims impartiality with a disclaimer on its back cover: "Publication of listings in this guide is done as a public service and does not imply endorsement or affiliation." Really?




The university's general funds budget for the Ann Arbor campus budgeted $124,343 for LGBPO in fiscal year 1990-91, rising to $133,008 in fiscal 1994-95. To put this in perspective, in fiscal 1990-91 Student Services had a general funds budget of only $89,362 for the Office of Ethics and Religion. Meanwhile, the College of Literature, Science and the Arts budgeted $1,118,897 for Classical Studies and $59,591 for Judaic Studies. In fiscal 1994-95 the general funds figures for these programs are: Classical Studies, $2,098,680; Judaic Studies, $70,792, and the Office of Ethics and Religion, nothing—it disappeared from the general funds budget in 1993-94.

In 1990-91 state appropriations were 43.6 percent of the Ann Arbor campus's general funds budget, meaning taxpayers paid $54,514 for the Lesbian Gay Bisexual Programs Office. For 1994-95, the state taxpayers' share was 37.3 percent, so their share in funding LGBPO was $49,612. The figures are less important than the principle. Michigan taxpayers are being forced to finance a militant ideology of sexual perversion, which few of them endorse.

If how an institution spends its money reveals its priorities, and common sense says it does, the University of Michigan is more concerned with providing "support" for student perversity than with providing ethical and religious counsel, and legitimizing perversion is more important than studying the history and culture of the people who gave us Moses and monotheism.

Judging from the lack of outrage over all this, most Michigan taxpayers either have no idea this is happening or don't care. Nor, one suspects, do the alumni, thousands of whom send the university millions of dollars every year, and hundreds of whom make the pilgrimage to town every fall, with their fluttering Michigan car pennants, Michigan sweatshirts and block-letter M and "Go Blue!" buttons. Their awareness of what's going on at their alma mater seldom goes beyond their beloved Michigan football. One only hopes that some of these happy strollers down memory lane swung also by the Grad Library on their way to or from the stadium.

*John Attarian is a freelance writer in Ann Arbor, Michigan.*

# Letter From Alabama

*by Jeffrey Tucker*

## Crime and Moonshine

◆

The jurors who tried the 14-year-old black boy who shot and killed three widows last year, one of them my own dear neighbor, found him guilty and gave him several life terms. By law, he got the maximum. He is too young for the death penalty. It is beyond me. If you are old enough to murder, you are old enough to pay the ultimate price.

As it stands, this sentence did not settle matters. Three Christian women are dead, and nobody really believes his punishment will deter a future case. Death, quickly and publicly inflicted, might have. But not a lifetime of living at taxpayer expense in the prison community.

A year after the ghastly incident, the local newspaper finally printed the full story. The boy walked into the indoor flea market, demanded money from the owner behind the register, then shot her. He did the same to a shopper, and another shopper ran out the front. My neighbor, the only other person in the store still alive, turned toward the boy and said: "You're doing the Devil's work; stop in the name of Jesus!" He shot her in the head. She stumbled to the back of the store where she lay until the ambulance came. She died on the way to the hospital.

The boy had excuses. He lost his cool. He needed some money. When his friends asked if he had ever killed anyone, he was embarrassed to say no. No, a life in prison is not justice.

Tragedy has been central to Southern history for 135 years, so people have learned how to face it squarely while containing its repercussions. Downtown Opelika, for example, where the old railroad station still stands, was the scene



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of this massacre. It might have driven down property values and led to dilapidation. But last year it was the location of the most impressive Christmas celebration in many decades.

The ladies who organized the seasonal events—including the Victorian Christmas porch tour, the luminaries on Collinwood Drive, and tours of homes and shops—have successfully fought evil with acts of courage and goodness. Several new shops have even opened, Haney's Drug Store (established 1890) was renovated to reflect a 1940's style, and property values are now rising.

Still, visitors sometimes say that downtown Opelika looks lonely and deserted. It is not really true, but I think I have figured out why people say this. Not a single franchise operates here. No yellow M, Baskin Robbins, or any chain. Even the grocery and hardware stores are locally owned and run. It *is* strange. How sad that we become so used to commercial homogeneity that anything else appears either unsettled or obsolete.

But some things are never obsolete. Like moonshine. Grady McWhiney wrote that Southerners used to make as much liquor as they bought. It may still be true. Last fiscal year, the state government confiscated more than 634 gallons of unapproved homemade liquor. The state government says that is more than six times the amount captured in 1994. Forty-three stills were found and destroyed. A candidate for the Montgomery City Council, Mutt Herring, had to drop out after being arrested for possessing homemade hooch.

This trend has seriously alarmed the New South elites, who are always trying to supplant indigenous culture with an outside "culture" that has no room for bootlegging. But with the highest liquor taxes in the country, the Alabama market for the stuff is irrepressible. Mountain dew is one-fourth the price of official, high-tax whiskey, so "them that refuse it are few."

But it is not just the price that makes "ruckus juice" so appealing; it is also the fun that comes with disobeying the government. Making and drinking white lightning is the ultimate in political incorrectness. It is a private declaration of independence and a micro-secession. With every swig, you are thumbing your nose at the modern world and all its corruptions and failures. If the boom keeps up, Janet Reno and David Kessler will have their next excuse for invading us with tanks.

The Establishment, of course, warns that the stuff leads to blindness, poisoning, and death. But that only becomes a problem when the government cracks down on informal distilleries. Mainstream distillers are squeezed out, and only the marginal producers (who are much less careful, and, due to the speed under which they operate, will even use an old shoe for flavor) remain. The way to reduce risk, then, is either to eliminate taxes on the official stuff or let 1,000 stills bubble.

The lack of competition is also the key to understanding the chronic biscuit shortage at the Loachapoka Syrup Soppin' Festival here in Lee County. In the old days, bakers from all over would try their hand at biscuits—at a handsome profit. Last year someone had the bright idea of establishing an exclusive Official Biscuit Making Team, which paid the Loachapoka government for the privilege. The team could not keep up, and was at least 5,000 biscuits short.

The problem was "solved" last year by allowing the unthinkable. A fast-food chain, Hardees, touting its industrial ovens and extensive experience, was given the exclusive right to bake and sell biscuits at the festival. The chain set up shop right next to the horse-pulled syrup press. What an outrage. People were rightly shocked by the hideous sight. Then injury was added to insult: Hardees could not keep up, and was at least 5,000 biscuits short.

The solution for the festival, it seems to me, is to free the market for biscuit making and impose strict rules against all commercial providers. And if the market for informal-sector liquor keeps growing at the current level, Lee County may need another festival, this one to give micro-distillers a place to market their unique products. As for the poison made with radiators and old shoes, it can be used for crime control in lieu of the death penalty.

*Jeffrey Tucker is director of research at the Ludwig von Mises Institute in Auburn, Alabama.*


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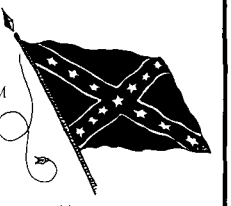

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

# Foreign Aid That Ain't So Foreign

*by R. Cort Kirkwood*

As 1995 drew to a close, Senate Democrats and Republicans were still debating Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Jesse Helms' legislation to restructure the State Department and its ancillary agencies. Helms wanted to jettison the United States Agency for International Development, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and the United States Information Agency, fold their functions into the State Department, and then chop 30 percent of foreign policy funds from the Clinton administration's fiscal 1996 budget request. USAID complained the loudest, unwittingly revealing that more than 80 percent of foreign aid from AID never crosses Atlantic or Pacific shores. It stays right here in the United States. AID is, to use the latest cliché, a corporate welfare agency.

AID bureaucrats are strangely proud of this fact and distributed an inch-thick paper documenting the billions of dollars it spends in each of the 50 states. Using individual headings with the verbiage, "Foreign Aid for [fill in your favorite state]," AID made a strong case to every pork barreler in Congress.

The big winners among the 50 states, as you'd expect, are those in proximity to River City and those boasting a large congressional delegation. The Old Dominion collected $936.1 million in AID contracts. After New York, with contracts worth $889.6 million, Maryland came in third with $686.4 million. Thus does $1.6 billion flow directly into the Potomac Basin. Most of these firms are the "Beltway bandits" whose only job seems to be securing new government contracts when the old ones expire. And with the exception of Booz Allen & Hamilton, which holds a $29 million contract for privatization efforts in the former Soviet Union, they are unknown to most Americans.

Across the country, however, the story is different. AID's list could well be mistaken for the Fortune 500. GM, Ford, and even individual dealerships receive money from AID. A dealer in New Jersey sold AID a four-wheel drive Chevy Suburban. In fiscal 1994, the Land O'Lakes company of Minnesota held $24 million in AID contracts. Among other things, it was promoting "cooperation among agricultural and food producers and [enhancing] the governance of cooperatives in the free world," as well as providing "support for in-country training programs for artificial insemination of dairy cattle." In its survey of AID contracts, the Heritage Foundation uncovered a contract for Romanian architects to study American architecture; another one awarded $1.3 million to supply street lamps to Moscow "at the same time the Russian government is planning to spend more than $1 billion to make war on the people of Chechnya."

Naturally, AID's money doesn't always travel directly from the Treasury Department to corporate bank accounts. Sometimes, it even reaches the target country, which in most cases seems to be Egypt, Jordan, or another nation in the Middle East, which then uses the cash to buy American products. Beneficiaries of this "round-tripped" money include corporate titans such as Xerox, Clorox, Otis Elevator Corporation, IBM, Westinghouse, General Tire, Philco, and Dow Chemical. With this kind of money floating around, it is small wonder that AID has corporate support. As Brian Johnson of the Heritage Foundation said, "I laugh when I hear [AID director] Brian Atwood talking about starving babies. The only people that will be starving [if Congress cuts foreign aid] are the [American] contractors who benefit from it."

It has long been known that American aid to the Third World has done little more than subsidize oppressive governments. If you don't believe it, you might ask why, after 30 years of AID programs, television viewers are still treated to nightly scenes of starving, bloated children on the evening news. That truth begs the question of why American academics who study these matters don't call for an end to AID's charitable ministrations. The answer may lie in the millions of dollars AID packs off to American universities, money that pays for exotic and far-flung research projects and lines the pockets of professors at Yale, Rutgers, and Harvard, and at the universities of Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Rhode Island, and South Carolina. Indeed, if there's a university that isn't on AID's payroll, the board of trustees should fire the dean.

Oddly, speaking with corporate executives about the possibility of losing AID's largesse ruffled no feathers. They didn't believe they would get kicked off the gravy train, no matter what happened to AID. As the communications director of one huge firm told me, "Regardless of what [the agency is called] the U.S. government's aid to certain foreign countries will continue because it is of strategic importance." Referring to the proposal to roll AID into the State Department, she said, "[We] don't feel there will be a material impact because these kinds of programs are going to have to continue whether [AID] exists as a stand alone agency or not."

The truth is, democracy is only a side benefit of AID's foreign policy bureaucracy. The real purpose, as Representative Jim Moran explained, is commercial, or to use the impolite term again, corporate welfare. Moran, a Democrat representing Virginia's eighth district, a big beneficiary of AID's money, strongly opposes cutting AID's budget or handing its functions to the State Department. "AID creates markets for our products. That is its mission," he said. "What AID does, and it may be a well-kept secret, is promote business opportunities for American firms. They are in the business of selling expertise. That's why northern Virginia is such a major beneficiary. We are selling our expertise in terms of health reform and medical consulting, democracy building, good government expertise and then we help them create infrastructure." Moran concedes that AID's mission may have been philanthropic at the time when President Kennedy came up with the idea. But not anymore. AID's mission, he said, "is an economic mission, a well jus-



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tified one."

Even when AID talks about the salubrious effects of its programs, which address everything from Third World overpopulation to AIDS, an American beneficiary lurks in the shadows to pick up the booty. Along with the directory listing American companies that benefit from AID contracts, AID released a report documenting the global harm that would follow a cut in its budget. "A 30 percent budget cut would result in an estimated 600,000 more unintended pregnancies . . . 420,000 additional births, 180,000 more unsafe abortions, and 4,000 maternal deaths," AID fretted, as well as "180 million fewer condoms distributed by USAID, and thus more than two million new HIV infections."

The condoms are supplied by a manufacturer in Dothan, Alabama, that was receiving 80 percent of its revenue from its $55.3 million contract with AID.

*R. Cort Kirkwood writes from Arlington, Virginia.*

# Democracy and Declarations of War

*by Gregory D. Foster*

The winter Balkan lull has let Congress off the hook for rolling over and playing dead in response to President Clinton's dispatch of troops to Bosnia. It is cruel irony that the fewer casualties American troops sustain, the more likely we are to continue permitting further such devaluations of democracy. That will accentuate the eternal verity Congress has reaffirmed: Those who can, do; those who can't do, teach; those who can't do or teach, preach.

Preaching is what the United States does best. We sermonize, evangelize, proselytize, and moralize, incessantly enjoining the rest of the world to do as we say, not as we do. But it is this very hypocrisy—the failure to practice at home what we preach abroad—that threatens to become America's strategic undoing. The ultimate culprits for this looming strategic castration—the preachiest of us all—are the members of this country's self-ordained ruling class, whose obsession with the tactics of low politics has so sullied the conduct of statesmanship and statecraft.

Strategy has always been about the effective exercise of power. In this postmodern era, strategy is no less about the effective management of perceptions—the creation and projection of images, the manipulation of symbols, the construction (and deconstruction) of reality. The case with which we are able to wield power depends, in the main, on the credibility we have established—on the correspondence between our actions and our words, on the quality of our performance when we do act, on how consistently we adhere to the principles and values we espouse.

By advocating peace but spending lavish sums to maintain a massive military establishment armed with the world's most lethal weaponry, by endorsing arms control but engaging in the promiscuous development and sale of the most sophisticated armaments, by unabashedly proclaiming ourselves the world's only superpower but refusing to accept responsibility for providing visionary global leadership, by extolling principle but repeatedly bowing to expediency, we undermine our credibility and thereby produce our own progressive strategic debilitation.

Our most flagrant hypocrisy, though, is reflected in our facile preachments on democracy: holding ourselves up as paragons of democratic virtue and pressing others to emulate us in the interest of democratic "enlargement," even as our domestic politics betray a penchant for autocratic methods.

The importance of such tendencies lies in the fact that in all matters strategic, the effective exercise of power depends on something more than just the wherewithal at our disposal—more, that is, than on superior wealth or force, diplomatic acumen, technological advantage, or cultural appeal. Especially where the stakes or threats are ambiguous, it depends on the collective will of the populace to act—a function of social cohesion and the broad-based consensus that only public trust and confidence in government can produce. Such trust and confidence are so vital to this country precisely because we do not practice true democracy. Rhetoric to the contrary, we never have.

America's Founding Fathers, in seeking to counter the tyranny they considered the inevitable outgrowth of concentrated power, predicated our government on the rule of law, the supremacy of the Constitution, the checks and balances of divided power and, most importantly, popular sovereignty. "The people who own the country," said John Jay, "ought to govern it." Bowing, however, to the dictates of order and efficiency, the Founders ensured that the "turbulent and changing" masses were only nominally in charge. The people, Hamilton opined, "seldom judge or determine right. Give therefore to the [rich and well-born] a distinct, permanent share in government [to] check the unsteadiness of the [masses]." And so our lesser forebears—the little people from whom most of us are descended—relinquished their fate and ours to a purportedly representative governing "elite," whose exercise of circumscribed and

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## Accidents

*by Harold McCurdy*

For accidents of every sort I'm glad:
As, for example, that John Donne was sad
When his Ann died, thus mingling in the life
Of my own Ann—a daughter, not a wife
As his was. And I draw a most absurd
Comfort from knowing (as has been inferred)
That Dante shared the thirtieth of May
With later and lesser me as his birthday;
For on that date the Convent of St. Clare
Observed the feastday of St. Lucy there
Just outside Florence, and it's Lucy who
From hell to heaven steadily kept in view
His welfare, as befits a patron saint.
Besides, she's Light; and maybe what I meant
At sixteen, on Black Mountain, praying for light
Was that St. Lucy, as for Dante, might
Accept an ignorant boy's unconscious praise
And glimmer through the Dark Wood on my days.



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countervailing powers was to be held accountable by the consent of the governed, and whose right to rule over us we would be socialized over time to accept without question.

Consent stands, therefore, as the cardinal measure of democracy. In the words of John Adams, "As the happiness of the people is the sole end of government, so the consent of the people is the only foundation of it." In no area is this more valid than in the employment of military force. To the Founders, the commitment of troops to prospective hostilities was war; and war was to be accompanied, if not preceded, by a constitutionally prescribed congressional declaration representing the will of the people, whose blood and treasure were on the line.

Postmodern politicians realize, of course, what the Founders did not: war is war only if you call it that. If you call it a police action, a counterinsurgency, or a peace operation—and if, moreover, you replace citizen-soldiers with volunteer regulars and create standing "emergency" legislation to routinize the call-up of reservists—you can sacrifice the sons and daughters of the patriotic, trusting little people at will without their consent. And Congress and the Supreme Court will look the other way. Small wonder that *non-wars* have claimed more than 350,000 United States casualties since 1945.

We willfully sublimated our powers of consent during the Cold War to the cries of urgency and imminent danger. We were thereby complicit in institutionalizing and legitimizing the technocratic oligarchy that now reigns in this country, masquerading as the ideal democracy we pretend to have.

Absent the Cold War conditions that seemed then to rationalize such civic surrender, the only defensible justification now for consent to give way to more-or-less unchecked presidential unilateralism in matters of war and peace *might* be a President who holds a bona fide electoral mandate from the people—and has a demonstrated record of competence in international affairs. President Clinton, having ascended to office with only 43 percent of the popular vote—24 percent of the overall voting-age population and 18 percent of the total populace—commands nothing approaching such a mandate. A Congress, therefore, that would forsake its obligation to the people and to the Constitution by giving a free hand to such a President—especially one whose administration's strategic maladroitness and military illiteracy have been so palpable—is complicit in perpetuating the imperialization of the presidency and thereby opening the way for the sort of executive tyranny our forebears sought to escape.

Faced with a continuation of this state of affairs—where our own government neither hears nor seeks our consent in the gravest of matters—we will be left to ask how literally we should interpret the injunction in our Declaration of Independence: "That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends [of securing the natural rights of the people through government based on the consent of the governed], it is the Right [and duty] of the People to alter or to abolish it." If we descend to that point, we will then realize just how pyrrhic—and, by contrast, meaningless—our Cold War victory was.

*Gregory D. Foster is a professor at the National Defense University in Washington. The views expressed here are his own.*

# Clinton and the Troops

*by A.J. Bacevich*

"I'm angry. I'd like to ask President Clinton why is my dad dead? And what are we doing fighting in Bosnia in the first place?" Coming from the 15-year-old son of Sergeant First Class Donald A. Dugan, the first operational fatality of the United States intervention in Bosnia, those questions command respect. But they are the last questions the Clinton White House wants to hear.

With Bill Clinton's much-hyped Bosnia trip earlier in the year, the President's relations with the military seemed to turn the corner. Although the trip came and went without consequence, it succeeded as a Kodak moment, producing as its chief legacy widely reprinted images of a grinning Commander-in-Chief enthusiastically embracing and being embraced by "the troops." To the extent that any public gesture by any politician can be considered genuine, the President in these photos appears to be genuinely enjoying himself. Indeed, our journalists reported that for the first time in his presidency, Mr. Clinton seemed relaxed and comfortable when venturing onto the military's own turf.

But to attribute any significance to a skillfully staged photo-op would be an error. Indeed, more than is usually the case, the image of Clinton surrounded by excited young soldiers is misleading. It further obfuscates a civil-military relationship freighted with contradictions that most government officials, journalists, and scholars seem determined to ignore.

Clinton's Bosnia visit did not mark some great reconciliation between soldiers and the former antiwar protester who now issues their orders. Rather, it was an elaborate exercise in role-playing. Clinton slipped into the routine with which he is most comfortable: the ebullient campaigner. Pressing the flesh in Tuzla, he behaved precisely as he would have in Dubuque or Denver. The young Americans assembled for the occasion responded less as soldiers paying obeisance to their political chief than as fans reacting to the arrival of a celebrity visiting from afar. They would have done much the same for Tom Hanks or Tom Brokaw.

Yet if largely instinctive, such political theater is also profoundly ironic. Whereas the military that a draft-eligible Clinton once professed to "loathe" as alien to the nation's ideals was in fact composed largely of conscripts, "the troops" with whom Clinton now strives to identify himself are without exception volunteers, part of a force that self-consciously styles even its most junior members as "professionals" and that emphasizes a cultural identity that sets it apart from the rest of society.

No doubt the distinction is one to which Clinton would prefer to remain oblivious. But it deserves emphasis. Indeed, the gap between what this military professes to be and the imagery commonly employed to describe it lies at the heart of America's unacknowledged problem with civil-military relations.

The tradition of the citizen-soldier resonates powerfully among Americans. And with good reason: citizen-soldiers achieved victory in two world wars this century, stood the long watch against the Warsaw Pact, and endured the misery of Korea and Vietnam. At home, a military establishment based on the citizen-soldier helped bind together a racially and



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ethnically diverse polity—the memory of which inspires periodic calls for the reintroduction of some form of "National Service."

Yet the heroic figures of that G.I. of yesteryear—the Sergeant Yorks, the Audie Murphys—has become all but irrelevant. Given the challenges of maintaining order in an unruly and restless post-Cold War world—and the United States position as a superpower that for now faces no major threat to its security—a large standing force of citizen-soldiers is the last thing we need. Rather, this is the time of the professional: the tough, disciplined, career-minded specialist in military affairs.

Nominally, the United States appears to possess a military establishment well suited for the times. Suited except for one point: despite the continuing assertions of the thoroughgoing professional character of today's force, no American political leader will venture a definition of professionalism appropriate for the post-Cold War era. Instead, all are content to recycle the language and imagery harkening back to the days when global crises required the dispatch of throngs of "American boys" (Lyndon Johnson's term) to distant lands.

For several generations, participation in such an enterprise marked a crucial rite of passage and a signifier of full citizenship. Yet when their turn came in the 1960's, the best and brightest of Mr. Clinton's generation shunned that rite. They absolved themselves of any obligation to serve. Indeed, they derided those who accepted it.

Thirty years later, now elevated to positions of prominence, those who evaded service now truckle and fawn to demonstrate the depth of their regard for men in uniform. Whether to assuage their consciences, remedy past injustices, or just cater to the folks back home, the motives hardly matter: the effect is to sentimentalize "the troops" in a way that society would never dream of sentimentalizing other professionals—the police, firefighters—upon whom *in extremis* it must rely.

The military itself is only too happy to play along. The moral leverage embedded in "the troops"—manifested in a sensitivity to casualties without precedent among history's major military powers—provides the Pentagon with enormous political clout. Senior military leaders do not hesitate to exploit that clout for their own purposes. They deflect or modify tasks not to their liking—contributing, for example, to the months of government hesitation and indecision over Haiti and Bosnia. They pass off on others the responsibility for failure—as was the case, for example, when Les Aspin absorbed the blame for botched operations in Mogadishu. Indeed, the sentimentalization of the American military conceals a second contradiction in present-day civil-military relations: at a time when the officer corps proclaims its professionalization, it has become more highly politicized than at any time in recent memory.

Obsessed with safeguarding a reputation built on Desert Storm and with protecting from further injury a psyche devastated by Vietnam, the military has ample cause to pursue its own political agenda. While such behavior may not be acceptable, it is to some extent understandable. The real culprit lies not in the Pentagon but in a polity that does not take seriously—indeed does not acknowledge—the imperative of defining the prerogatives and obligations of a professional military force in the new circumstances that exist following the Cold War.

This imperative transcends partisan politics, arguments over foreign policy, and the debate over specific controversies such as Bosnia. Indeed, absent a commonly accepted understanding of the risks inherent in being a soldier and the role that Americans expect their military forces to play, coherent debate over policy becomes next to impossible. Rather than questions of interests and strategy commanding the attention they deserve, cynical maneuvering—such as positioning your political opponent to take the fall should American blood be shed abroad—takes precedence. Neither United States policy nor the well-being of American forces is served as a result.

Feel-good images of Mr. Clinton visiting "the troops" notwithstanding, fundamental questions relating to civil-military relations demand attention. The obligation for addressing these questions rests not with the military but with the nation's elected civilian leadership. Alas, it is an obligation that the present administration will continue to evade.

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PHILANTHROPY

# Liberal Charity

*by Thomas F. Roeser*

Which is the main bastion of institutional liberalism: government or the corporate boardroom, which in addition to its own leftist philanthropy also funds multimillion-dollar foundations? With a cutback in public spending possible, due to voter disenchantment, the answer may be the latter, for universities and special interest groups intent on spreading secularism and nihilism are more dependent than ever before on the wet nurse of philanthropy.

Thanks to foundations like Rockefeller, Ford, and Carnegie, along with the John T. and Catherine D. MacArthur Foundation and a host of others, these universities and organizations with a leftist mission can operate without the slightest need for modulation. As a former government official, corporate executive, and ex-university lecturer, I can so testify. A recent study by the Capital Research Center in Washington, D.C., reveals the many big-name companies funding left-liberal causes.

Capital Research has audited the philanthropic contributions of the 250 largest American corporations. It discovered that more than $36 million was granted in 1992 to more than 300 public advocacy groups. Moreover, for every dollar companies gave to organizations supporting limited government, they bestowed $3.42 to supporters of the left that advocate more intrusive government and social experimentation.

Prime recipients of the donations are prestigious universities that institute "chairs" for the study of economics and public policies. More than one well-meaning donor wishing to support free market activities has seen his dollars misapplied to propagate an outdated Keynesianism—or worse, perverted to endorse a leftist elitism wearing the false whiskers of "economic democracy."

If pollution by government and blue chip corporate philanthropy were the only dangers to American culture, it would be heartening, but liberalism streams



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from church collection plates as well, in particular from the Roman Catholic Church's Campaign for Human Development (CHD). As a Catholic, I have long opposed this quack organization tied to the nihilist 60's and supported by the "second collection" at Mass, where baskets are passed to gullible worshipers ostensibly for support of "the poor."

Last August more than 2,000 activists gathered at the elegant Hyatt Regency Chicago to celebrate the 25th anniversary of their money tree, the CHD. Supported by a church which ostensibly insists that homosexual espousal is a grave sin was a gay and lesbian rights organization, Grassroots Leadership, a CHD-funded organization from North Carolina. CHD provided, through the collection baskets, $25,000 to this organization, which according to its own literature is pledged to work "closely with . . . all major southern movements and organizations, including civil rights, women, labor, lesbian and gay, environment, peace and religious action."

Last October, Terrence Scanlon, the Catholic president of the Capital Research Center, addressed a joint meeting in Chicago of Business Executives for Economic Justice and the City Club of Chicago. A nephew of Mike Mansfield, the former Senate Democratic majority leader, Scanlon was special assistant to both Presidents John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. He worked for me in the Office of Minority Business Enterprise of the Commerce Department, which I created in the Nixon administration, later serving as Ronald Reagan's Chairman of the Consumer Product Safety Commission and a vice president of the Heritage Foundation. Today, Scanlon is not only a compassionate conservative but a highly regarded leader of the pro-life movement. I reported on his critique of corporate and social philanthropy in my *Sun-Times* column, dwelling on the excesses of the CHD.

Into the meeting strode an emissary of Joseph Cardinal Bernardin, an architect of the CHD, the Reverend Raymond Baumhart, S.J., former president of Loyola University in Chicago. As a newly named employee of Bernardin's archdiocese, in the elegantly named Office of Evangelization and Christian Life, Baumhart stirred uneasily because much of what Scanlon said was directed to alleviating poverty and injustice. But after Scanlon's remarks, Baumhart obediently read his archdiocesan's approved statement in much the same way that old guard clerics were obliged to do on key issues prior to Vatican II.

"The cardinal is disappointed and distressed," read Baumhart, "by the report of Terrence Scanlon and the use of some of these allegations by Tom Roeser in his *Sun-Times* column recently." He acknowledged that occasionally there were granting mistakes, but that by and large CHD reflected the mandate of Christ to minister to unfortunates. Moreover, according to Bernardin, the Scanlon report was "filled with inaccuracies." We leaned forward expectantly to hear from Baumhart what we had gotten wrong.

But now it was our turn to be disappointed. Father Baumhart didn't say. Scanlon replied that he had sent his critique to all the Catholic bishops, had received some praise, some generalized disapproval, but not a word of refutation. Would Baumhart refute, for example, what Cornell West, a professor of religion and African-American Studies at Harvard, had told the CHD?

> Anytime you talk about poverty in America, you also have to come to terms with the pernicious and vicious legacy of White Supremacy . . . and you begin to hit up against issues of patriarchy, insubordination, and wealth. . . . There's no serious talk about the fact that one percent of the population owns 48 percent of the financial wealth [which is] oligarchic, plutocratic . . . pigmentocratic. . . . The ultimate logic of a market economy is the gansterization of culture [linking the free market with] homophobia, keeping trapped the unity of gay brothers and lesbian sisters.

Father Baumhart adamantly declined to be specific—as did his staff. The meeting adjourned showing the two sides of what in Bernardin's Chicago has been a near schismatic church, with a prelate who continues to endorse the CHD. Amid the welter of pro-gay and abortion rights advocacy at the Hyatt Regency, Father Baumhart (under whose leadership Loyola University set aside separate days for the celebration of gay rights literature) appeared to give it full sanction. To critics of CHD, all he would say is: "Get a life!"

But perhaps there is hope. If leaders like Cardinal Bernardin cannot be ousted because of the linear, hierarchical nature of the Catholic Church, the direction of corporate giving can be changed. As Scanlon made clear, leading dispensers of funds to anticapitalist and cultural left causes are Ford, Chrysler, Exxon, AT&T, Aetna, Nynex, Primerica, and Monsanto, and stockholders in these corporations with stakes in an economy that could be affected by leftist groups could exert their power.

Recent grants from the MacArthur Foundation are telling signs of the philanthropic times. Under President Adele Smith Simmons, for example, the foundation has awarded $100,000 to a juvenile justice reform project headed by Bernardine Dohrn, who in the 1960's served with the Weather Underground and once even declared war on the United States. At a public meeting before she fled to the Underground, she applauded Charles Manson's murder of Sharon Tate as the height of revolutionary daring.

Like Dohrn, Simmons is a revolutionary, but she prefers to take her swipes, like many CHD recipients, at the Catholic Church. For instance, Simmons lavishly funds a group called Catholics for Free Choice, which is neither Catholic nor supportive of any choice except abortion. In any event, Ms. Simmons utilizes much of the MacArthur Foundation's money to push abortion, which gives a whole different and poignant meaning to Baumhart's

## LIBERAL ARTS

### OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS, THERE IS NO END . . .

"The Reading List is, it must confess, tired. Week after week, coming up with book after book, and trying hard not to make too many mistakes has taken a toll. . . . In only a few days, it has received several missives . . . pointing out that we purposely misidentified the author of *Medea* last week. It's Euripides, not Aeschylus."

—The Weekly Standard, *February 19, 1996*



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expression "get a life."

The Capital Research Center's advice to well-meaning donors who wish to support the free market: don't die. But if you must, then leave explicit instructions about your intent as a donor. If you'll be establishing a foundation, set term limits and restrictions. In that way, you'll be assured that your funds never support liberal causes you never supported in life.

*Thomas F. Roeser is a columnist for the* Chicago Sun-Times *and a radio talk show host.*

JOURNALISM

# The Rise and Fall of a Paleoconservative at the *Washington Times* (Part II)

*by Samuel Francis*

Less than two months after *Washington Times* editor-in-chief Wes Pruden in June demoted me to the rank of editorial writer and cut my salary by 25 percent, yet another cloud began to form on my horizon. In May 1994, I had given a speech at a conference on "Race and American Culture" in Atlanta sponsored by Jared Taylor's newsletter *American Renaissance*, and a rather bizarre account of the conference took up part of a chapter in Dinesh D'Souza's new book, *The End of Racism*. D'Souza tried to portray the meeting and its speakers as representing a "new spirit of white bigotry," and lumped it in the same category as black racial crackpots like Leonard Jeffries and Louis Farrakhan; but it was plain to me and the other conference participants that D'Souza, by depicting the Atlanta conference in a sinister light, was anticipating and trying to deflect the accusations of "racism" that would soon be lodged against his own book.

D'Souza's smear seemed to have little to do with my situation at the *Times*, but on September 24, the Sunday *Washington Post* published a long excerpt from his chapter on the Atlanta conference. I expected that Wes Pruden and Tod Lindberg would use it to complete my defenestration, but in fact I heard nothing about it for several days. I had forgotten something, though. Since I had started writing three editorials a week three months earlier, I had formed the habit of turning in all three pieces on Thursday afternoons. That's what I did that week, sending the drafts to Tod around one o'clock. Two hours later, I was asked to step into Pruden's office.

With Tod brooding silently next to his desk, Wes at once launched into his firing speech. A copy of the D'Souza piece from the *Post* and another from the book were on his desk, and certain passages were highlighted for quick reference. Wes's main argument for my immediate departure was that while the *Times* editorialized against affirmative action and similar policies, my views on race as expressed in the passages from D'Souza's book could be construed as ulterior reasons for taking those editorial positions, and he did not want the paper associated with those views. I pointed out that (a) I did not write these passages in the paper or for editorials; (b) I did not control what appeared on the editorial page; what I submitted for the editorial page had to be approved and edited by Tod or his deputy and Wes himself before the paper published it; (c) what I wrote under my own name had nothing to do with the paper; and (d) there was nothing wrong with what I had written anyway. I also argued that whatever he thought about my views on race, I had never written or said anything negative or demeaning about blacks or other racial groups as groups and had not engaged in racial slurs.

Wes quickly dismissed all my arguments and proposed a three-month severance agreement whereby the paper would continue to pay me my present (reduced) salary if I gave him a letter of resignation the next day. Since I had already been making plans to leave the paper, and there was little to be accomplished by further back and forth, I accepted. I also expressed the hope the paper would continue to run my column. Wes said he thought it was best to make a clean break and cease publishing it. Finally, I asked him, "I assume you know that my column is popular." He readily acknowledged this fact, but since that made no difference to him either, what more was there to say?

The next day, September 29, I turned in the letter of resignation Wes had demanded. The paper carried my column that day but has not published it since, though it did publish the three editorials I wrote during my last week. After nine years on the staff of the 13-year-old paper, after remaining in the editorial department when most of my colleagues walked out, after serving as editorial writer, deputy editorial page editor, acting editorial page editor, and staff columnist, after winning the two most distinguished awards anyone at the paper had ever received, I had finally been told to pack up the luggage and get out. If this is the "official voice of the conservative movement," it's not one I want to listen to any longer.

When news broke among my readers that the *Times* had finally fired me, the reaction could only be called one of cold fury, and the volume of correspondence between outraged or mystified readers and the increasingly defensive Pruden continued to swell. Wes now resorted to outright lies to cover his action, sending out yet another form letter that made even darker insinuations than before. "Sam Francis, whose primary duties were writing editorials to express the views of the newspaper," he wrote, "knew that he deliberately stepped over the line by challenging the restraints put on his persistent pushing of a personal agenda, the full content of which you may not be aware and would not heed warnings that the forbearance of the newspaper was not inexhaustible." This letter was sent out only a few days after Wes had been telling readers my voice "was as vibrant as ever" and that I continued to hold a "position of highest prestige" at the paper. His pretense that I had been insubordinate by trying to impose my "agenda" on the paper was preposterous. In my nine years of writing editorials at the paper, I had never tried to do any such thing, and none of the several editors I worked under ever claimed I had. Pruden's contradictions, outright untruths, and the several grammatical and spelling errors in his letters all suggest he was feeling some heat, if not a little guilt and fear, over his action against me.

There were also cancellations of subscriptions. I don't know how many, and they probably didn't hurt the paper's circulation significantly, but they seem to have been numerous. One friend who called up to cancel says the clerk asked him why he was dropping his subscription, and he told her it was because the



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paper had fired me and stopped publishing my column. The clerk replied that quite a lot of readers had been canceling for that reason.

As editor-in-chief, Pruden had the legal right to fire me and the editorial authority not to publish material he didn't want to publish. His rights in these respects are not at issue; what is at issue is whether he had good reason to exercise those rights in this case. However controversial my column was or is, it never harmed the paper, and the support expressed by readers testified that it remained a popular feature. As for Pruden's claim that what I had written about race might somehow damage the paper's credibility, it's a red herring. No one other than Wes ever suggested that.

But the story isn't over. This January, the *City Paper*, a weekly Washington-area advertising vehicle, carried an article about my recent misadventures. The *City Paper* is a fashionably left-liberal publication, sporting commercial ads for such Beltway emporia as "The Pleasure Place," which styles itself "Washington's Premier Erotic Boutique" where one may purchase essentials of Potomac living like "Quality Leather and Latex Clothes and Toys," as well as only slightly less commercial personal ads for "Women Seeking Women" and "Men Seeking Men." The paper's article about me turned out to be a predictably leftist imitation of Jeffrey Dahmer preparing his dinner, complimenting my writing as "nutty and despicable" and "reactionary bilge." After that it got nasty, but one useful feature of the article was what it tells us about the other members of the cabal determined to bring me down.

The soi-disant leader of the cabal turned out to be someone named Gregory Forster, a "policy analyst" for the Center for Equal Opportunity, which is an obscure neoconservative Beltway foundation headed by pro-immigration activist Linda Chavez. He and his superiors seemed to take an unusual interest in my journalistic reflections. Forster told the *City Paper* that "I'm essentially running a one-man crusade to get this man [i.e., me] kicked out of the conservative movement." But he's only partly right; it's not exactly a "one-man" crusade, and Forster, age 22, definitely isn't running it.

The vice-president of Chavez's center, one John Miller, a former writer for *The New Republic*, told the *City Paper* that he had been keeping tabs on me for a long time. "I've wanted to run Sam Francis out of polite society for months, if not for years," Miller told the paper's reporter, who wrote that "neo-conservatives find Francis and his ideas monstrous." The paper reported that Chavez herself was in on the plot (Chavez, in a letter to the editor of the City Paper, later denied that she had authorized any such thing) and that Miller and Forster proceeded "with her approval." "Forster began shopping a hit piece on Francis at conservative magazines in town (he won't say which ones)," the *City Paper* reported. "He says he hoped to discredit Francis among conservatives the same way [William F.] Buckley had discredited anti-Semitism half-a-century earlier. 'I was putting out feelers to say, "Hey *Washington Times*, wake up, kick this guy out."... Before that happened, they did.'"

Yet another member of the crusade was Morton Kaplan, publisher of *The World & I*, the 700-page monthly magazine the *Washington Times* Corporation publishes. To this day I have never even laid eyes on Kaplan, though I heard from a reader last spring that he was complaining about my columns. The *City Paper* reported that "Kaplan began bitching loudly about Francis early last year," and he told the interviewer, "There are certain limits beyond which you don't go. If you say that Hitler is the greatest statesman of the 20th century, you're going to be fired. I felt that when he was identified as an employee of the newspaper, that was over the line." In the next sentence, Kaplan "acknowledges that Francis never defended Hitler," but the *City Paper* says that "one can imagine his doing it." Not only do our guardians of "polite society" mount secret crusades to destroy you for what you have said, they also go after you for what they "imagine" you might say.

Oddly, the *City Paper* article raps paleoconservatives for their "paranoia" about "tenebrous cabals (often of Jews) threatening American culture and values at every turn," but then concludes, "to be fair, Francis did have his enemies." Indeed. As a matter of fact, the boasting admissions by the wrecking crew at Chavez's outfit that they were out to get me are the most damning confirmations of paleoconservatives' "paranoia" about neoconservative intolerance ever published. I had never even heard of Forster or Miller, have met Linda Chavez only briefly, and merely heard of Kaplan; yet I awoke one morning to discover that all of them were neck-deep in a campaign to force me out of my job and ruin me professionally. Not once did a single one of them contact me or offer any public criticism of anything I had written.

Throughout the last 15 years or so, neoconservatives have engineered similar hit jobs on several paleoconservatives whom they perceived as threats to them and their control of the American right—on M.E. Bradford, Joe Sobran, Paul Gottfried, and Pat Buchanan, among others. You don't have to be paranoid to get the impression that someone out there doesn't like paleos, doesn't want paleos writing "offensive" things, and is willing to mount organized but secretive "crusades" to ruin their careers.

Though many paleos persist at the


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*Washington Times*, the paper almost from its beginnings has leaned toward the neoconservatives. The *City Paper* article acknowledges as much, noting that "the *Times* has divested itself of paleoconservatives over the last five years" and "both insiders and media observers agree that the paper has drifted into neoconservatism." The *Times* has always shown a penchant for hiring the young and largely untested progeny of the senior neocon sages and their pals, and over the years the paper or its sister weekly magazine *Insight* has employed not only a Podhoretz (and his roommate) but also a Kristol and a Wattenberg. One of my colleagues at the editorial page was a daughter of Norman Podhoretz and Midge Decter whom Tod hired as a writer and who, I later found, had complained about my columns to Tod and his deputy behind my back.

The *Times* seems to have absorbed the neoconservatives' mentality of repression along with their offspring. I know of no proof that the Chavez cabal or even Kaplan ever influenced Wes or Tod in their decision to give me the heave. But whatever the conspiratorial hugger-mugger surrounding my booting, what happened to me is less the product of a conspiracy than of the permeation of the minds of the paper's top editors by neoconservative right-think. Kaplan, actually a liberal rather than a neoconservative, offers the most succinct expression of their attitude: "There are certain limits beyond which you don't go," and if you do go beyond them, "you're going to be fired."

Obviously, there are limits to what you can and should say and to what newspapers should publish—on the use of obscenity, tastelessness, inaccuracies, libel, and inciting to illegal actions—but the neocons' cry for limits goes well beyond these conventional boundaries. The limits they impose prohibit expression of virtually any idea that challenges the premises protecting the dominant liberalism of American public life—ideas that offer a different view of man, society, and the state from those included within the now-defunct "liberal consensus" or "vital center" of the 1950's. Of all the constraints intended to preserve that consensus, none is more crucial for preserving liberal control of public expression than its taboos on open discussion of race.

Those taboos block any challenge to legal and social egalitarianism, open immigration, socially therapeutic uplift, the systematic rewriting of history, and the coerced reconstruction of European and American culture. Yet these are precisely the taboos I have challenged.

But neoconservatives, posturing as conservatives, cannot afford to be very open about their real functions of defending liberal control. To invoke the specific taboos openly would expose their own hidden allegiances to the fundamental assumptions of the left. Hence, their constant tactic of covert smears against paleos and their habit of falsely accusing their rivals of violating taboos most paleoconservatives have never contemplated violating. Hence also Wes Pruden's refusal to tell his own readers why he fired me or even admit that I had been fired. The simple truth was that I had "gone too far," as he told me in June, that I had violated the boundaries that he insists his paper respect. But if he had told his readers that, it would have been an admission that all his thunderboxing about the Confederate Flag, the South, and Christianity is just window dressing designed to delude paleoconservative readers and make the gaping void of the paper's dominant neoconservatism look pretty around its edges.

It's interesting that whenever the "limits" on what one is permitted to say are invoked, the examples of the limits transgressed that are offered are always fictitious and hypothetical, never the actual limits. No one says "You can't write that the Bible doesn't condemn slavery," but rather that you can't give what Tod Lindberg told the *City Paper* was my "theological defense of slavery." No one says you can't denounce the proposed Arthur Ashe statue in Richmond, but rather that you can't say "Hitler is the greatest statesman of the 20th century." Lacking the courage (or capacity) to define the exact "limits" to free discussion it insists on enforcing, the self-appointed neoconservative Thought Patrol simply enforces the conventional constraints that liberalism has imposed and refuses to challenge the basic premises and power structure the constraints protect.

And the mission of the Thought Patrol in protecting liberal hegemony from attacks on its right brings us to the real reason why, however nutty, despicable, offensive, monstrous, or dangerous the ideas I have expressed might be, the danger they represent shrivels beside the perils neoconservative repression embodies. As long as neoconservatives succeed in their masquerade as the "official voice of the conservative movement," at the *Washington Times* or elsewhere, they will be able not only to muzzle those who reject their leadership but also to prevent the right as a whole from challenging liberal dominance, and there will be little prospect of serious challenges to the liberal-left control of public discussion, despite the rejection of liberalism by American voters. The whole mission, the whole political function of neoconservatism, is to preserve the "limits" the left imposes and to discipline, by inflicting professional ruin upon, those on the right who dare to question the boundaries that protect the left's empire.

As for me, my column has actually gained newspapers since my defenestration at the *Times*. It's true I lost my job and my Washington outlet, and that's a blow, but it's far from death. In the coming years, the Beltway right may be amazed to discover how little it has to do with the direction in which the country is moving, and I plan to be there when it finds out that no one else is paying much attention to its precious "limits" on what you can and cannot say.

*Samuel Francis is a nationally syndicated columnist.*

# Marauding Media Mob

***by Marc Morano***

A newsman, being thrashed about in the middle of a media mob, shouted, "Don't push me!" Another newsman responded, "You gonna get pushed." A shoving match ensued that would have made any schoolyard dispute look highbrow. An exchange of expletives followed. The press coverage of the 1996 New Hampshire primary was in full swing. This year's primary proved to have more intense media coverage than any previous primary. Grizzled media veterans were amazed at how the candidates were nearly inaccessible because of the sea of reporters perpetually following them. The invasion of New Hampshire by legions of the fourth estate revealed a news media increasingly intrusive and



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arrogant.

The GOP debate sponsored by WMUR-TV 9 in Manchester provided a showcase for the media's audacious behavior. The press was shuffled into a giant garage in the back of the WMUR studios. The area was set up so the media could interview the candidates and their spin masters after the debate. There were not enough chairs or tables to accommodate the hundreds of reporters who crammed into the garage. One reporter remarked that it reminded him of a Third World bus station.

The press garage became so packed by the time the debate started that movement became nearly impossible. Once the debate was over, a circus-like atmosphere prevailed. The GOP candidates walked in one at a time to answer questions from the hordes of reporters. So-called "second-tier" candidates like Representative Bob Dornan (CA), businessman Morry Taylor, Senator Richard Lugar (IN), and Ambassador Alan Keyes were asked one or two questions before reporters would interrupt them and shout "thank you" to speed them off the podium.

Once the press conferences were concluded, the spin masters, politicians, and pundits descended upon the room and declared winners and losers. The press then began to do what it so often does, it interviewed itself. Reporters interviewed other reporters. Shortly afterward, a mass exodus occurred. People traversed across table tops fleeing the room. Reporters began pushing and shoving their way out toward the only exit door.

The press corps behavior degenerated further as the primary drew near. Pat Buchanan ventured to Timco Lumber in Center Barnstead, New Hampshire. When Mr. Buchanan arrived, hundreds of reporters engulfed the candidate, stopping him dead in his tracks. He finally squeezed his way inside.

When he came back out to face reporters, Mr. Buchanan made the mistake of walking near a shiny red parked car. The media hordes instantly began climbing all over the car, stepping up on the hood, and setting up tripods on the roof. No one seemed to notice or mind one bit that the car was being used as a press riser.

There were about six people on the car when the hood buckled from the weight of their boots. Once Mr. Buchanan moved away from the car, the media abandoned the automobile as quickly as they found it. The car looked as if it had weathered a hailstorm. Small dents peppered the hood, complete with muddy footprints. The door and bumper of the car had scratches on the side the media trampled.

Next, about a dozen media members ascended to the top of a 20-foot high log pile. Officials at the lumber yard, fearing the logs would roll, pleaded with them to come down. Even Mr. Buchanan implored them to come down, but alas, not a single person descended.

In the middle of this sea of reporters, cameras, and microphones, a voice penetrated from afar. "Hey, Pat, I'm from Barnstead, you have my vote!" proclaimed the anonymous voice. There was a moment of stunned silence, and then Pat Buchanan quipped, "There's a voter in there. Release him!"

The media blockade of the voters continued on election day. Senator Dole decided to visit a voting station in Derry, New Hampshire, to create a photo opportunity greeting voters. A steady rain forced all the media under an awning at the entrance. Instead of Senator Dole greeting happy voters, the reporters on the scene essentially sealed off the entrance. Several voters approached the entrance befuddled. The voters, ostensibly the reason for the primary, were backed up into the parking lot as they tried to figure out what was going on. One reporter, possibly feeling a twinge of remorse shouted, "Let the voters through." In a triumph of democracy, Senator Dole finally retreated to his vehicle and took off allowing the primary process to proceed.

The media's overbearing presence in New Hampshire effectively separated the voter for the candidate. The residents were forced to evaluate a candidate from television news and advertising. No longer was New Hampshire unique in allowing the voters to "press the flesh" with the candidates. There can be no candid one-on-one moment when 300 members of the press are hovering overhead with cameras, microphones, and lights. In its frenzied pursuit of news coverage, the media exhibited behavior that shirked decency and respect for property. The fourth estate's conduct in New Hampshire confirms that ego and arrogance have replaced responsible journalism.

*Marc Morano is a reporter for* Rush Limbaugh, The Television Show.

## ART

# A Journey to Mecca

*by Stan Edwards*

The pilgrimage to Mecca sponsored by the National Conference of State Legislatures (NCSL) was everything it was meant to be. The faithful were comprised of hot- and cold-running state legislators from all over the union. They came in all shapes, sizes, genders, brands, and parties; they all had agendas, lists, forms, and maps of Milwaukee, where the annual event was held last summer. The thing kicked off appropriately with a circus parade, and the following week would see virtually every group in America represented in the Mecca exposition hall.

Lobbyists were lobbying each other, state reps and senators huddled in groups throughout the two vast floors of the Mecca Center. The odor of power and good cologne drifted all over the place. The first floor was filled to the edges of its 30,000 square feet with aisles of booths, a trade show of American culture, and it was a buyer's market. The Beer Institute was mercifully passing out free brewskis, and as I gratefully accepted a cool one and sat on a little park bench they had provided in an astro-turfed park setting, I realized that I was staring at a Lyndon LaRouche booth manned by an individual in a rumpled suit streaked with what appeared to be cigarette ash but in fact may have been heroin smeared by Henry Kissinger and the Queen of England.

There were bags and bags of things to be had there. The National Right to Life Committee was passing out "Precious Feet": about a quarter-inch high, the little feet in gold "are the exact size and shape of an unborn baby's feet at ten weeks after conception." The next aisle over, the Terminex folks were passing out two-inch plastic cockroaches, and not far from the Institute for Nude Recreation booth was the modest little booth for the National Endowment for the Arts. Thus was my pilgrimage made manifest, for I had been invited by the NCSL to participate on a panel titled, "Is There a Future



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for Public Support of the Arts?" I introduced myself to Olivia R. Baisden, the Director of Public Information for the NEA, who at the moment was disciplining her young son, who was busy rolling on the floor. Ms. Baisden, "a person of color," along with Mr. Kimber D. Craine, a person of uncolor who is the communications manager for the National Assembly of State Arts Agencies, were manning the barricades for the beleaguered agency. I gave them each a reproduction sheet of my own fine art but lacked the courage to inform them of my subversive mission, for among the panelists I was the only "arch-conservative, mean-spirited, right-wing conservative ideologue" who thinks the NEA is silly and a waste of money and a cheap-shot propaganda mill that buys off American artists for less than the price of one really good tactical nuclear weapon.

The NEA booklet that was being passed out was called "A prospectus for the Arts, America in the Making," and featured on the inside front cover in a perfect black-and-white bleed-trim photo was an obviously compassionate, vibrant, and enchanted Jane Alexander, chin on hand and seated *below* a standing American male child of African descent. In the background is a black male with a baseball cap and long graying beard smiling as he guides a young black female child who holds a small potted plant while looking earnestly out of the photo. The caption reversed out of the photo reads, "Our investment makes possible the breadth of excellence, diversity, and vitality that is America's culture." The message is subtle but clear: without the NEA there is no hope for you indolent peasants, and if "you people" expect black males to nurture their young, to be "role models," you can't do it without us!

On my panel sat Gordon Quinn, executive director of the famed movie *Hoop Dreams*. Mr. Quinn is a very nice man who like many of my 60's generation still seems hopelessly lost in a morass of misguided social causes that have created the setting for *Hoop Dreams*. Also on the panel was Penny McPhee, the director of the Arts and Culture Programs at the John S. and James L. Knight Foundation in Miami, Florida. She is a "babe," a "fox," a bright chipper woman for whom I would buy a drink any old time, open doors, and grovel shamelessly like any other middle-aged American husband. The essence of the postmodernist career woman, Penny is an award-winning author and PBS producer and past chairman of the Dade County Arts in Public Places Trust. The Knight Foundation points the way toward the future, which is the privatization of state cultural agencies. My guess is that Ms. McPhee saw the handwriting on the wall.

The state arts councils were represented by Anthony Radich of the Missouri Arts Council and Dean Amhaus of the Wisconsin Arts Council. Mr. Radich, a 25-year arts bureaucrat, has been instrumental in establishing the Missouri Cultural Trust. The goal of the trust is to develop a fund of approximately $200 million in the next ten years. Once this goal is reached, the MAC fact sheet states, the "Missouri Arts Council [may] no longer require state general revenue funds." The fund would be built from taxes on out of state performers and athletes working in the state and from private gifts and bequests. The MAC initiative is the supposed "future" of public arts funding.

For those of us who view the National Endowments and state arts councils as instruments of social engineering, this is a reality check, a wake up call. The NEA and NEH budgets have been cut, and the NEA has favored block grants to states rather than individual grants to pet artists. But the Republicans' deep-think political solution, "Let the states do it," won't dismantle the cultural bureaucracy; instead, it will perpetuate it. Even if the National Endowments are completely cut, causing the state agencies to topple like dominos or stalks of overripe corn, the children of the corn will continue to line up with grant applications in hand. Clever artists will create paper "foundations, coalitions, and alliances" to help collect rent when individual grants become a political liability. Perhaps the 21st century will see Missouri become a "magnet" for rent-seeking artists groveling for cultural welfare, much as California has become for illegal aliens seeking free medical care, schooling, and housing.

Thirty years of what I call "National Culturalism" has done its damage, and it will take generations to undo. Radical chic and arrogant upper-middle-class views of what culture should be and who "needs" it have been imposed on America by endless peer panels and the new executive director class of the artistically correct. Ultimately, what it will foster is a rebellion against this new Salon; in fact, it already has. Artists will be defined by their opposition to this government-approved "nomenklatura" and taxpayer supported tenured class. The new counterculture will be highly individual, cynical, and culturally subversive, and it will be free.

American artists have gotten a bum rap because a relative few have worked the "censorship" bandwagon to the level of sanctimonious national publicity. Karen Finley has an agent and new press photos, and the infamous *Piss Christ* photo is a fully commodified item that no cocktail party of the arty elite should be without.

On my panel, Dean Amhaus defended his Wisconsin turf, pointing to the "underserved" who need the arts to save their lives. Anthony Radich pitched his Cultural Trust, I ranted about NEA "buzzwords" and cultural cronyism, and Penny McPhee displayed her feminist dash. I told my favorite grant story, which for me points out the utter absurdity of so many grant projects: it is of one Jacqueline Foster who, a few years back, got $10,000 to "teach inner-city residents the fundamentals of interior design so that they could make improvements in their homes." The only improvement I've seen so far in Chicago is that the public housing zoos are being torn down, and thus far no interior designers are manning the barricades in opposition. Mr. "Hoop Dreams" Quinn was nonplussed at my lack of "sensitivity," for it was left to him to put me in my place. "Yooouuu weren't there!" he spat. The peace, love, caring, and compassion of the Hoopman fell away, as he charged, "Yooouu don't know what she did . . . " and so on, but I countered that at another event Mr. Quinn presented the murderous Medicis as great examples of government patronage, and that he wasn't there either! But perhaps he was, for the lovers of government and power have always been around hiding behind religion, or now children and "access." They like to make rules and judge us by their standards, which they seek to impose by their own view of the "common good."

The NEA shows in high relief the present contradictions of the culture war. The pious rhetoric of the left claims that without endowments culture will stop. To disagree with them is to "attack the arts." They have captured the high-ground, and they clear the minefields of conservative dissent by marching women



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and children across the rhetorical battlefield. Words like *freedom*, *liberty*, *democratic*, *art*, and *culture* mean something far different to these people. They see society as a social science laboratory in which they inflict their experiments on a public that views art as a cure for kids with Uzis. They disdain the notion that left to their own means folks just might put on their own plays, kids might investigate art with a box of crayons and the Internet, and artists might consider working for a living, indeed, as most do. To them, the private sector is something to be "leveraged."

Critic Robert Hughes whines in *Time* magazine that France, Germany, and other European countries spend far more on public art than we do. He fails to mention, however, that Canada doesn't know what to do with the thousands of pieces of art it bought over the years, and that it has canceled the program to buy art from artists; he does not mention that the Netherlands burned most of that country's art surplus purchased by the government. It never dawns on the puffed-up crowd Mr. Hughes hangs out with in Manhattan that America was supposed to be *different* from European countries. It was the individual that counted here, and our lives and our liberty and our pursuit of happiness would not be voted on by "peer panels." But that was then, and now we will never know what might have evolved in America if the cultural landscape and mainstreams had not been perverted to the ends of the few over the many. It is time to let American arts and letters once again seek its own course. The dams are breaking, the levies will not hold, and the course of the American cultural river must reclaim the floodplains of the national spirit.

*Stan Edwards is an artist in Chicago.*

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## Amnesty International

*by Harold McCurdy*

Obscure taxpayer of small account,
I yet am courted for
Dollars to help good causes mount
Their latest holy war.

For I am grieved by the ugly news
That through Nigerian graves
Dutch Oil plunges its iron screws
Down to the loot it craves.

But I am grieved no less that crimes
Done in the U.S.A.
Our Fed watchdogs, in synch with
the times,
Try to scapegoat away.

Will angels be stopped from rioting
Or vipers sopped in Gabun
Because we've paid off ex-con King
And jailed policeman Koon?

There is a limit to how far
Correct injustice can
Restore the shattered household lar
Or dignify a man.

## EUROPE

# The Eurobalkan Basketcase

*by Tomislav Sunic*

To place equal blame on the Serbs and Croats for the tragedy in Croatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina appears to be an exercise in academic self-righteousness. On the international hit parade of bad guys, some Bosnian Serbs take the lead, followed, in the distance, by some Bosnian Croats—while the Bosnian Muslims are more or less exonerated from all evildoing. Some scholars and politicians have argued that the premature recognition of Croatia ignited the war, and some have even suggested that Croatia should never have been recognized as an independent state.

The root of the Balkan crisis lies not in the premature recognition of Croatia, but to a large extent in the excessive legalism of international organizations. For four years, the United Nations and the European Union were not able to find a common approach to the conflict in the heart of Europe. In 1991, when Yugoslavia began to fall apart, Croatia expected the European Community and the United Nations to accept its bid for independence, hoping that its recognition would stave off the threat from the Yugoslav Army. In the absence of prompt international recognition, and due to its lack of firepower, Croatia could not prevent a land grab by the Yugoslav Army. Croatia had to wait six long months before it was finally recognized in 1992 by the European Union, and several more months before it joined the United Nations. Meanwhile, it had lost territory and people, and suffered an estimated war damage of $27 billion.

Whether Croatia and neighboring Bosnia and Herzegovina should have been recognized earlier, or not at all, is now academic. Clearly, centralistic-minded Serbia considered herself the best custodian of the Yugoslav "unity and integrity," especially since it had the most to lose from Yugoslavia's disintegration. Ironically, it was the Serbian-dominated Yugoslav Army, which, while trying to salvage the former Yugoslavia by force, also destroyed it by force.

While debating whether the recognition of Croatia led to unnecessary bloodshed in neighboring Bosnia-Herzegovina, one might also raise the question whether the multiethnic Yugoslav state should have been created in the first place, in 1919, and recreated in 1945. The faked "brotherhood and unity," which was imposed on the Yugoslav peoples by the communist elites, could hardly mask profound cultural differences among Yugoslavia's diverse ethnic groups. Suffice it to say that in the former Yugoslavia each ethnic group secretly wondered how to part company and go its own separate way.

Now, as the war in the formerly occupied parts of Croatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina seems to be over, some foreign diplomats are calling for the creation of a war crimes tribunal for those Balkan warlords suspected of committing war crimes. Ironically, while some Bosnian Serb warlords are being portrayed as "war criminals," until recently they were urged by the international community to attend the United Nations-sponsored talks with their erstwhile victims. Small wonder that in such an ill-defined legal environment, some foreign journalists often resort to pejorative and false statements about "Balkan warring parties," engaged in "civil war," etc.

The legal options for Croatia, the first



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victim of the aggression, have been difficult since the day of the former Yugoslavia's breakup. On the one hand, Croat President Franjo Tudjman has been pushed by the international community to negotiate with his Serbian counterparts; on the other, he has often been suspected by some in the foreign media of cutting secret deals with Serbia at the expense of the Bosnian state. This exercise in international "legal equidistance" may render difficult the implementation of peace in neighboring Bosnia, or for that matter, may be even the cause of another crisis in the Balkans. Moreover, it may seriously endanger the mission of the present NATO-led IFOR forces in Bosnia-Herzegovina.

The war which began in 1991 as a war of aggression by the communist Yugoslav Army against unarmed Croatia was also prolonged by the lack of unanimity among superpowers. One may say that the lack of consensus among world powers prolonged the Balkans conflict. To now shrug off the war tragedy by lumping all "warring parties" in the same legal basket becomes an alibi for previous political indecision. It was to a great extent the "Balkanization" of the international community which accounted for the tragic consequences on the Bosnian killing fields.

*Tomislav Sunic works as a counselor at the Croatian Embassy in Denmark; he is the author of* Titoism and Dissidence: Studies in the History and Dissolution of Communist Yugoslavia *(Peter Lang).*

## TECHNOLOGY

# Battling Cyberhate

***by Thomas E. Woods, Jr.***

The conventional wisdom regarding the Internet appears to have changed practically overnight. Once championed as a wonderful Information-Age tool to "empower the individual," the net is now more likely to be denounced as an iniquitous network of right-wing conspiracy theorists and former *Luftwaffe* pilots.

I would be the last person to peddle a gospel of salvation through technology, as we hear all too often from the Tofflers. But it is important to acknowledge that the Internet and the World Wide Web have been a tremendous boon for right-wing activists across the country. An Anti-Defamation League (ADL) spokesman was correct to remark that the net has made "a radical change in their ability to reach out and organize."

Indeed, no other system could have linked up so many thousands of people across the country who are deeply alienated from the permanent regime in Washington but have no way to communicate with one another. Leaders of grassroots movements nationwide have been able to make valuable contacts with like-minded men and women, and have gained access through the World Wide Web to a virtually limitless source of information of interest to right-wing activists.

If past experience is any guide, we should not be surprised if efforts to censor the Internet begin to grow. We recently witnessed the fanaticism with which liberals pushed the so-called Fairness in Broadcasting Act, a measure that attempted to force left-wing radio talk shows on the benighted Middle Americans who have made right-wing radio so spectacularly popular. For every Rush Limbaugh, there would have to be a Mario Cuomo.

The left can hardly be expected to go easier on the Internet than it did on the relatively innocuous Limbaugh, and indeed sentiment in favor of federal regulation has already begun to spread among Washington elites. The pretext for massive federal oversight of the net is child pornography, but alarm bells should go off every time Janet Reno claims to be looking out for the welfare of children. We have learned all too well what that means.

To our north, the process of criminalizing cyberhate is already under way, and without the appeals to the well-being of children that have disguised federal intervention in the United States. Last June, representatives of Canada's Simon Wiesenthal Center demanded legislation that would define the Internet as a form of broadcasting, and thus place it under the purview of the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC). More specifically, the Wiesenthal Center called for legislation that would criminalize the promotion of hatred via computer media. "Hatred," like "diversity" and "sensitivity," is a former English word that has been transformed by the Orwellian doublespeak of the therapeutic state, and whose broad scope appears to include any political position to the right of Bob Dole.

Under the Wiesenthal plan, the government would not itself censor the net directly. Instead, it would make net providers liable for the content of the data that passes through their system. One observer rightly noted that such an arrangement would be akin to holding Bell responsible for the content of conversations that take place over their phone lines. Nevertheless, Canadian public officials have proven sympathetic to the idea. In August, the Canadian Chiefs of Police Association called for government control of the Internet in order to crack down on "hate speech" and seditious speech. Herb Gray, Canada's Solicitor General, suggested that one solution "might involve some type of international convention or agreement where countries would come together to control the Internet." Such a strategy might be able to "halt the electronic transmission of hate literature into Canada via the Internet."

On the bright side, there is reason to believe that any prospective federal regulation of the Internet is already too late. The net has already facilitated too many personal friendships and institutional connections among thousands of people and organizations that had never known of each other's existence before going online. And with encoding programs like PGP widely available even now to ensure telecommunication privacy, regulation efforts may indeed be futile.

Undaunted, the FBI and the Justice Department have proposed the installation of a device called the "clipper chip" in every telephone and computer, which would make possible an enormous and unprecedented program of government eavesdropping. This is all to fight terrorism, of course.

But the American public is not *that* stupid. Such obnoxious efforts to monitor the activities of law-abiding citizens can only exacerbate the very alienation from the present regime that led to right-wing activism on the Internet in the first place.

*Thomas E. Woods, Jr., is a doctoral candidate in history at Columbia University.*



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RELIGION

# The Divinization of the Devil

*by Nicola Abbagnano*

The need for God is a characteristic of our time. The difficulties and the uncertainties of daily life; the dangers that impinge both on individuals and the entire human species; the struggles and conflicts that lurk everywhere; the outbursts of violence; the moral and civil disorder—all make human beings feel the need for an assistance that comes from on high. The need for God is the need for a world that is different from the one that displays itself in its worst aspects—for a world which, because it is created and governed by an omnipotent and perfect Being, cannot be oriented toward the denigration and destruction of man. If God exists, the world is not that chaotic disorder that appears at first glance—that blind chance which picks up fortune and disgrace as equal passengers—that inconclusive play of force or instincts without aim or that fatal destiny wherein man can be only prey. There has to be a universal order, a design whereby man is permitted to survive and to perfect himself—a meaning and a value of which man can make of himself the interpreter and the advocate. In such a world, man can expect in every circumstance the help of God, who gives him the strength and the courage to overcome adversities. He can also cultivate a faith in a better life which awaits him after death.

But if these are the conditions of the need for God (and indeed of every authentic religious faith), then what happens when one believes that the chaotic disorder, the violent clash of forces, and the meaningless play of chance *are* the very substance of the world? The answer is obvious. The need for God is substituted by the need for the Devil, and religious theology is exchanged for the divinization of the Devil. In the former theology the Devil is simply a fallen angel who tempts man to sin with seductive allurements, but whose action is limited by the divine order of the world. If, however, there is no divine order or author of it, the Devil becomes the symbol or the personification of the disorder, of the substance of the world.

This is the path cut by a group of French philosophers, psychiatrists, and belletrists who inspired the "global debate" of 1968 and influenced large numbers of young people—even outside of France. Four authors have principally influenced this group. The first is Nietzsche, who with his declaration that "God is dead" exiled religion and traditional metaphysics. The second is Freud, who by asserting the primacy of instinct in human life denied the claims of reason. The third is Heidegger, who had announced the birth of a new cosmic epoch as revealed by a new language. The fourth is Marx, as the apostle of a world revolution.

But the specific task that these "pathfinders" have assumed has been to combat all the values and the institutions on which contemporary society is based. Those institutions that wish to impose order, rationality, and peace on the world have no justification, because the world is a chaos of violent forces. Madness and crime better express its nature. The powers that do battle with them have been and are only useless and cruel expedients. Such are the themes that emerge from the writings of Michel Foucault—the most important representative of the group in question. Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari (who is a psychiatrist) cut the same path. They point toward schizophrenia—insofar as it is an escape from the order of things and from the rule of language—as the thrust toward a revolution aimed at changing human nature radically, albeit in an imprecise sense.

In fact, the destruction of man is the ultimate aspiration of this philosophic path. This being, man, who wishes to seek the truth with reason—who is free and responsible for his choices—is only a fictitious creation in a world of chaotic forces. According to Foucault, man is altogether a mistaken linguistic expression—a rift of language that will be healed by his disappearance. One cannot avoid asking whom these thinkers are addressing and encouraging to struggle against the power that supports those institutions which are destined for the repression of invincible forces. If men are merely mistakes of nature, devoid of any autonomous power and of serious will, they are unable even to receive such an invitation. They can only abandon themselves without defense to the unpredictable play of diabolical chaos—which is the true reality of the world. On the other hand, are not those powers against which war is declared in the name of this chaos, themselves (as is everything else) manifestations of it? And are they not as such irreducible and invincible? If the truth (every truth) is solely a tool of these powers—if the theory which struggles against them renounces the truth, what kind of validity or meaning can it claim? The obscure, metaphysical, mystificatory language which these philosophers love to use hardly succeeds in hiding the puerile contradictions of their theories.

Yet there has been no dearth of listeners to these philosophers whose ideas have been the ultimate justification of all the critical or decadent features of our epoch: the rejection of every moral and civil norm as repressive of instincts; the permissiveness that grows in daily behavior and education; the weakness of juridical and political institutions that are supposed to defend citizens; the recourse, in political and social struggles, to the violence that ignores or destroys human life. And the true legitimate offspring of those theories has been the terrorism that possesses in various countries seemingly different motives, but which remains committed to the destruction of the present world for a future "better" world. But better for whom?

The defense of man which today is the most important and urgent task of all has nothing to gain and everything to lose by turning to theories that view the world as the regime of the Devil. Only reason and liberty with all their limits can make of the world a home worthy of man by utilizing the order that nature discloses and the experience of the victories and defeats that history records.

*This essay from Nicola Abbagnano's* La sagezza della vita *(1985) was translated by Nino Langiulli, a professor of philosophy at St. Francis College in Brooklyn.*

Chilton Williamson's column will not appear this month. He will be discussing environmentalism and the West with Ed Marston of *High Country News* in the June issue of *Chronicles*, and his monthly Hundredth Meridian column will resume in July.



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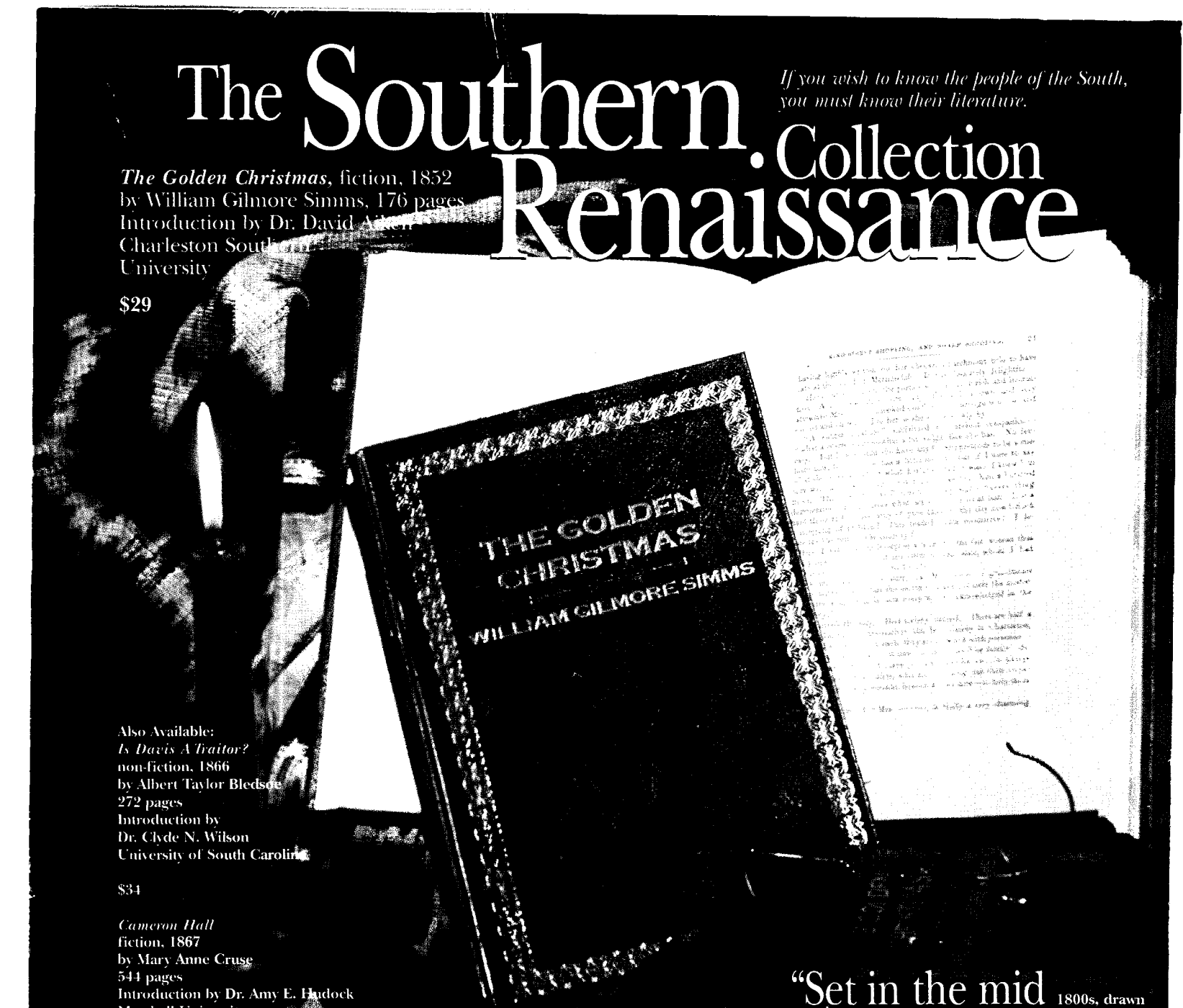


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